Reader's Digest

ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST

Aladdins of the Test Tubes	*Collier's*	577
What Is a Modern High School?	*World Tomorrow*	580
Color and Sound on Film	*Fortune*	583
Boy Wanted	*New Yorker*	586
King Muskrat and His Empire	*Review of Reviews*	589
Behind Corruption in Our Cities	*N. Y. Times Magazine*	592
In Defense of Shyness	*Vanity Fair*	595
So You're Glad to be Home?	*Atlantic*	598
White Magic	*McCall's*	601
Famine in China	*Survey*	604
How Are You, Joe?	*College Humor*	607
Filling Empty Arms	*American*	609
Canada's Feeling toward the U. S.	*Current History*	612
Corralling a Comet	*Outlook*	615
The Chance for Civilized Housing	*New Republic*	618
Father and Son	*Delineator*	621
Flying with a Test Pilot	*Popular Science*	623
The Doctor in Soviet Russia	*Nation*	626
Pills of Ten Thousand Efficacies	*Asia*	629
Railroad Consolidation: What of It?	*World's Work*	632
Today's Confessionals	*North American Review*	635
Thirty Years of Looking Up in Golf	*Rotarian*	638
Lindbergh and the Press	*Editor & Publisher*	641
The Real Robinson Crusoe	*Golden Book*	643
Do Men Want Children?	*Parents' Magazine*	646
Surgery Since the War	*American Legion Monthly*	648
Meet Mr. Leviathan	*Mentor-World Traveler*	651
Silver and Gold	*Nation's Business*	654
Chicago's Freight Subway	*Scientific American*	657
Only Saps Work	*N. Y. Herald Tribune Magazine*	658
The Condor Strikes	*Living Age*	661
Blood and Oil	*Theatre Guild Magazine*	663
This Competitive Era	*Business Week*	666
The Law Takes Its Toll	*American Mercury*	669

NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

NOVEMBER, 1930

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That the Blind May Read

LAST June one of our readers in Brooklyn, N. Y., contributed $20 anonymously to provide a worthy blind reader with the Braille edition of The Reader's Digest. From this has grown a fund to which generous contributions are still being sent.

Considered the ideal magazine for the blind, The Reader's Digest is published monthly in Braille by The American Printing House for the Blind. Each issue, in raised Braille characters, makes a bulky tome, and the expense of manufacture necessitates a subscription rate of $20 a year, which includes no profit for The American Printing House for the Blind nor for ourselves.

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(Continued on Back Cover)

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Aladdins of the Test Tubes

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (October 11, '30)

William Pickett Helm

Economist; newspaper syndicate writer

ON THE morning after the Armistice the president of a big American factory sat at his desk with a sheaf of papers before him. Telegrams and letters, they were, canceling orders. He picked up a memorandum.

"Smokeless powder on hand, 62,000 tons," it read.

Yesterday that powder had been worth millions; today it was worth nothing. Less than nothing, really, for he would have to take it out and dump it in the ocean.

"Cellulose," he murmured, "that's what the stuff's made of." Suddenly he got up and walked rapidly through the idle factory to the laboratory.

"Mac," he said to the chief chemist, "could we turn that powder back into cellulose and make something out of it to sell?"

"I'll see," said the chemist.

He saw. By the magic of test tubes and retorts he found a way to salvage the cellulose. Then he turned it to liquid and splashed a rainbow of color on it; and when he had finished they used it to paint automobiles. Millions of them. In the form of paint and lacquer that smokeless powder gleamed over the highways of the world. A new industry had sprung up from the dumps.

The modern chemist is the Aladdin of industry. He mixes his potions and philters, rubs his hands on a towel, and from his vials float up modern genii to slave for business. Wherever there is waste one finds him, seeking to turn it into gold.

Recently the head of an im-

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portant division of the Bureau of Standards at Washington — perhaps the greatest laboratory in the world — called a few of his best chemists to him and said:

"I want you to go out on the farm and find out what is being wasted. Then find a way to use it."

They went out. One struck out for the grain belt. Another went to a dairying region. A third hit the trail for Alabama and her cotton fields.

The man who went to the cornfields found that the biggest item of waste was cornstalks. Not only waste, but a nuisance, to boot. He went to Iowa and at Ames, where the state maintains an agricultural college, he joined hands with the staff and went to work. What are cornstalks, anyhow. Cellulose, mainly, he found — and cellulose is used to make many things. What sort of things could be made profitably? Well, pulp was one. And pasteboard, too. So they started in to make pulp and pasteboard and now are working on a long list of other possibilities.

Meantime another Aladdin was working on cornstalks. He was a free-lance with ideas all his own. He ground the dry pith of the stalk to a fine powder and saturated the powder with an explosive salt. Then he made the stuff into little cartridges like sticks of dynamite. Then he went to the coal fields, where he drilled a few holes in the face of an unmined seam of coal — little holes. He tamped his newfangled cartridges carefully into those little holes and touched them off. His theory was that a powerful explosive, made into small cartridges, light and compact, would shoot down the coal without breaking it up into billions of fine particles. His cornstalk cartridges vindicated him; the coal was lying in lumps — prime coal for the market with little or none wasted in dust. So now the coal industry is waking up to the fact that it need no longer shoot down three tons of dust for every ton of lump. To this hard-pressed industry the cornstalk explosive comes like an unexpected check from home.

The man who went to the cotton fields fared even better.

"What's that?" he asked a farmer who was coming out of a cottonseed oil mill. The chemist pointed to a drab mound.

"Cottonseed hulls," replied the farmer. "They's what's left when the oil's squeezed out o' the cottonseed."

Thus cottonseed hulls became the chemist's mutton. He did his stuff and rubbed his hands. Presto! Floated up a rare and wonderful sugar, pure and nonfattening. Known only in a few chemical laboratories up to that time, it was called xylose and

fetched $100 a pound. Aladdin began to manufacture it at a thousandth part of its previous price.

The chap who went to the dairy region got chummy with the vitamins in milk. He discovered that if the milk containing them were boiled very quickly and cooled rapidly, the vitamins were retained. With that knowledge he worked out formulas for pasteurizing and canning milk. His research put new manufacturing processes into effect and brought food of greater value to the public. Such benefits cannot be estimated in terms of dollars.

All over the United States — indeed all over the globe — private research is going on. Take Mr. Shigeru Komatso, noted Japanese chemist. Mr. Komatso has succeeded in converting solid coal into liquid coal. A great many persons in the coal trade are looking Japanward at his experiments and if his process isn't too costly, he can virtually have Pennsylvania as a swap for his secret.

Over in Germany they are tackling the same problem in a different way. They are not trying to make liquid coal there, but accomplish much the same effect by grinding the coal to powder so fine that it flows like a stream. Many carloads of this finely powdered coal, leaving virtually no ashes, were used during six months of last year on the government-owned railways. It was an eye-opener for economy and efficiency.

One of the really big secrets still locked up in nature's private vault relates to the vast deposits of oil in shale. Nobody has found a way yet to unlock the oil from the rock at a cost that would put it on the market at or near present prices. There is enough shale oil in the state of Colorado alone, the government estimates, to last the entire world for nearly 500 years at the present rate of consumption.

Recently a group of Australian chemists built a long, rambling metal container. One end they kept relatively cool, the other they made hot as a vixen's wrath. They sent shale on a slow journey through this container, caught the vaporized oil, and barreled it. Being canny, they are not saying anything, especially about the cost. But if that Anzac crowd really has found a way to get shale oil cheaply they can write their own price on the tag.

Anything, you see, can happen in this fascinating realm of applied chemical research.

What Is a Modern High School?

Condensed from The World Tomorrow (October, '30)

Goodwin Watson
Professor of Educational Psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University

THE home town high school is a source of considerable local pride. It has a new swimming pool. There is an auditorium with a stage. Its laboratories offer expensive breakables for use in physics and chemistry. The school provides shop activities and household arts equipment. Ninety percent of the teachers have a bachelor's degree. Nevertheless adequate recognition of any of half a dozen established truths in educational science would revolutionize the school.

These truths can be very simply stated. First, people differ widely in capacities and interests, no two students being alike. Second, most things learned in school are forgotten in a month or so if not used. Third, the main result of learning particular things is knowing those particular things; not generally increased mental ability. Fourth, as children grow older their ability to learn increases. Fifth, pupils learn best when they have a desire to learn, and a keen satisfaction in the results of their learning. Finally, nearly everyone is going to high school; it is no longer merely a pre-professional institute for a small number.

Nine-tenths of what is taught in the average high school is in need of reconstruction. Certain subjects came into the curriculum because they were important to know. Latin was once a language of commerce, trigonometry a skill for surveying. When civilization changed, those who excelled in such arts, were left with no job except teaching others. Challenged to defend their life work, they evolved the plausible theory that in some occult fashion persons who studied these disciplines came out with harder, keener, better tempered and more highly polished intellects. The fallacy was revealed when tests demonstrated that the scholar had had a better mind before ever he began his parsing and computing. Intrinsically useless mental activities have no superiority for mind training. It is clear that what is to be learned in high school will have to be defended on the ground of the importance of learning those specific knowledges, attitudes or skills.

A school which started out definitely to meet the needs of modern adolescents rather than merely to see how much of the present chaff could be justified,

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would, I believe, eventuate with departments of work very different from those traditionally reverenced. These would not be English, mathematics, history, science and the like. They would be main trunk-lines of adolescent experience. I suggest a Department of Health, Department of Vocations, Department of Leisure, Department of Home Participation, Department of Citizenship, and Department of Philosophy. Within each department would be offered several hundred units of work, to be carried on inside or outside the schoolroom, by individuals or by groups, some units requiring only an hour or two, others requiring several months of work.

The Department of Health would be concerned with both physical and mental health. Among the units it offered might be muscle building, complexion improving, choice of diet, first aid, relaxation and rest, getting over the blues, avoiding inferiority feelings, selecting physicians, and lowering community death rates. Most of these units would involve doing something, not merely talk about health.

The Department of Vocations would include the units which have a direct bearing on the part of the pupils in the work of the world. For most pupils this would surely include supervised participation in some jobs. In addition, this area of the curriculum should provide the necessary preparation for those of professional bent. For some, physics and chemistry and mathematics, for others several languages or office skills may be demanded. Some of the units offered will survey the possible vocations for this generation in terms of the requirements for success, the service they render and the satisfactions they bring. Other units will call our present economic order up for examination.

The Department of Leisure has the most important area of training. With some machines now producing more through the attention of 100 men than was produced a year before by the labor of 8000 men, the six-hour day and the five-day week are not remote dreams. The really challenging task for education is the enrichment of leisure. The modern high school will offer units in athletics, in producing plays, making mechanical models, reading literature, playing music, dancing, telling stories, creating with rhythm, color, and form in every sort of medium. Travel and, for a few, foreign languages and mathematics, may enrich leisure. Special encouragement will be given to recreational athletics which can continue throughout life, to golf, tennis, swimming, and hiking rather than basketball.

The Department of Home

Participation. Frankwood Williams of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene has said that nothing else that an adolescent has to learn matters so much for future happiness as his achieving independence from his parents and a normal interest in the opposite sex. It is the privilege of this department to offer the reading, study, discussion, and activities which will lead to desirable ideals and practice in courtship and marriage. Other units might contribute to the selection and purchase of household furnishings, making a budget work, care of babies, or learning to enjoy younger brothers and sisters.

In the Department of Citizenship would be grouped those enterprises through which an adolescent can contribute to the affairs of his town, state, country, and planet. This means the study of government as it actually goes on in city councils, county court houses, and national assemblies. Politics are mainly matters of intense human concern. Few teachers of history have been bold enough to venture out upon student participation in modern affairs, letting history contribute what is really important for the understanding of policies regarding prohibition, crime, immigration, divorce, tariff, League of Nations, government ownership, naval propaganda, and free speech. This is dangerous business. But the modern high school will be a storm-center, not an isle of peaceful seclusion from current life.

Within the supervision of the Department of Philosophy may come those phases of science which lead to a conception of the vastness of the universe, the relativity of measurements, the origin of the world, the evolution of life, and the mathematics of motion. What shall we think of death? Why suffering? What is the good life? It is a legitimate function of education to set before inquiring minds the best answers the thinkers of all ages have given to these questions.

My envisioned high school will set forth a thousand or more of these units, a sort of cafeteria of desirable experiences. Each pupil will receive the guidance of a teacher-counsellor in making up his contract of units to be worked out. He will be encouraged to do some work in each of the six departments.

Happily, and among educational Utopias, strangely, this modern high school appears to be entirely feasible at the present time. In all faith, I invite the progressive educators of 1930 to the creation of a high school educationally as well as architecturally modern.

Color and Sound on Film

Condensed from Fortune (October, '30)

COMPARED with the last 20 years' gamble in the film theater, Monte Carlo is a friendly game of dominoes. Essentially it has been the old game of guessing human emotions practiced by politicians, playwrights, and merchants everywhere. But in the film theater the gamble of Showmanship has been complicated by its partnership with Science.

First, there was the theater of photograph-pantomime, which completely eclipsed the spoken drama, and produced in Charles Chaplin and Mary Pickford characters of incredible fame. Science should have let us have at least a century of photograph-pantomime. Instead, we were no sooner beginning to master the technique of this new art than Showmanship saw a way to exploit what Science had had available for several years — the crude elements of photographic *spoken* drama. And now, with the talkie still in its infancy, both technically and artistically, comes the exploitation of color.

The talkie revolution having been accomplished (beyond comparison the fastest and most amazing revolution in the whole history of industrial revolutions), the producers say they are glad it happened. Talkies, they say, came just as the popularity of the movies was beginning to wane. But already — after only two years of talkies and long before they have been perfected — there is another distinct drop in movie attendance. In the old silent days people made a regular habit of going to the movies. If the picture were fair they got a thrill; if it were poor they communed peacefully with their souls. The talkie is a definitely higher form of entertainment — from a good talkie people get a far greater thrill than from any except the very best silents. But before going to it they want to be sure that the talkie is good; otherwise they are not thrilled but simply disturbed; in short, the talkie has made the public critical.

And now there is color, a deuce in a game where all deuces are wild. Will color *replace* black and white?

The first surprising detail about color is that it makes Boston a sort of sub-capital of the movie world. For the history of colored movies is almost entirely the history of Technicolor, which began in Boston years ago and whose main plant is still there.

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It was the Warner Brothers who took the first real gamble on color, just as they were the first to gamble in sound. Having scooped the world in 1927 with sound, they undertook a color scoop in 1929 by contracting with Technicolor for no less than 40 all-color pictures.

He who has seen a camera which will take color movies has seen a rare sight. There are only about 50 of them in the world — two years ago there were less than ten. The actual photography of a color-movie is done from beginning to end by Technicolor crew. When the picture is taken, the master negative is sent to Boston, where with infinite care and patience the positive prints are made. For this complete photographic service Technicolor is paid about eight cents a foot, as against about two cents which black and white photography costs. For 200 black and white prints of a 7000-foot feature picture the cost would be $28,000; the same picture in color will cost $112,000. Thus, simply for photography, a color picture raises the gamble by some $84,000. But far more than that is spent in the extra time consumed in making a color picture. Roughly, we may say that a $750,000 black and white picture will cost at least $1,000,000 in color.

Now the producer is naturally reluctant to add $250,000 to his ante on a production. If there were only one producer in Hollywood, he would probably consign all color processes to the bottom of the sea. But competition being what it is, the producer must ask himself: will color, this season or next, *replace* black and white.

A year ago the answer seemed to be: "Yes — and soon." The producers, afraid of being scooped again, followed Warner's lead in making huge contracts for color in 1929–30. And they were, of course, wrong. For two reasons: (1) because the importance of color to drama is as nothing compared to the importance of voice; (2) because imperfect color is far more noticeable than imperfect sound (our eyes are many times more sensitive than our ears). For 1930–31 the trend seems definitely in the direction of less, rather than more, color. In fact, some movie executives have pronounced the color wave of small importance. But in this they are likely to be wrong again. To be specific, there are two kinds of film plays for which color will almost certainly become essential: the musical comedy and the costume or spectacle drama. From now on it seems likely that the musical comedy will increasingly become associated in the public mind with color. And anyone who saw such spectacle dramas as *Song of the Flame* or *The Rogue Song* will realize that if a producer

is offering the spectacular he can hardly afford to omit the spectacular qualities of red and gold and purple. A public accustomed to red torches flaming in the night will not accept a parade of ghostly candles.

However, all this sort of stuff is *not* the backbone, the meat and drink, of the movies. People go to the movies primarily to see ordinary plays of love and adventure. Is the time near when these ordinary plays must be made in color?

Certainly the time has not yet arrived. Perhaps it is a decade away. Simply put, the reason comes down to this: to the degree that we are aware of the imperfections of color it is a distraction and consequently hinders rather than promotes dramatic action. Gradual technical improvement may be expected. And almost as important as technical advance will be advance in the film theater use of color. Two examples: use color to lengthen the life of favorite stars, for color hides the wrinkles: use it more soberly and hence less distractingly — green lawns, green trees instead of a continued riot of roses.

Through all the changes the "star system" remains unaltered. For years producers have been trying to get rid of it. They had good reasons: the big stars were demanding everything in sight and jumping their contracts when something more appeared. But as the first all-talkie year comes to a close, one fact looms: the stars of silent days are surprisingly intact. Of the 30 or 40 leading names and faces, all but half a dozen had achieved a momentum of public favor over a period of years. Thus in spite of the completely new deal which talkies represented, it was not so easy to put over the unknown face or name. And together with this fact is a growing conviction: that there will arise talkie stars whose magnetic influence upon the public will exceed anything ever seen in the days of Chaplin or Pickford. Cost what he or she may, the company which has him or her on contract will earn its dividends while other companies bite the dust. The star system is immortal and universal, operating from Lillian Russell in the '90's to Mei Lan-Fang in China to the Greta whose picture could be advertised simply and solely by saying: "Garbo Talks."

Boy Wanted

Condensed from The New Yorker (September 13, '30)

Anthony Gibbs

THE story of Sir Thomas Lipton reads like one of those fairy tales of big business from small beginnings. Yet this tall clumsy man, whose eyes are puckered at the sides with a thousand wrinkles of kindliness and humor, is no Napoleon of industry. Rather there is about him an expression of apologetic paternity, a certain wistfulness for the old days and the camaraderie of the slums.

He was born in a Glasgow tenement in 1850, to the shriek of shipping. He went to the council school for the three R's, but the boys seemed cleverer than he was, so that he was always the biggest boy in his class. This worried him, and one day as he was walking to school he saw a magic sign: "Boy Wanted." He went right in and collared the job, at half a crown a week.

There on the banks of the Clyde young Lipton first heard the call of the Panpipes, the minor third of a ship's siren tooting through the fog, calling to distance and adventure. Through a grimy window, as he labored with his bales and boxes, he used to watch the banging and the bustle, the loading and the coaling. There, after work, he used to hang about boats and talk to sailors.

When he was 17 he went to America to make his pile. He went on the advice of his mother. He only stayed three weeks in New York, for he read in the papers there were jobs going on the tobacco plantations of the South. He went as a stowaway in an old boat sailing for New Orleans. There he got a job in a grocery store. He lost it, and became successively a tramcar driver, and an advance agent on the road for a portrait painter. It was on this last job that young Lipton decided the secret of success was to sell, not something people thought they might like, but something they simply had to have — food. There was born in his mind the great idea of returning to his native Glasgow and supplying the Glaswegians with biscuits and bacon, barley-corn and beans. He hadn't enough money to do that, though. He reckoned he wanted about 100 pounds, so he abandoned his portraitist and signed on in a South Carolina plantation. The wages weren't any too good, and saving 100 pounds meant living more or less like a black. But he

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did it, and in 1870 the first "Thomas Lipton's" opened for business in Stob Cross Street. From that minute Destiny took him over.

He began by doing everything himself, from keeping the accounts to cleaning the windows. At night he slept under the counter. Success came to him. He opened a branch. The thing happened all over again. He opened branches all over Scotland. He began to launch out, bought a small boat and began sailing it on the Clyde, and was able to put his mother and father into a comfortable house. He was tremendously pleased with himself, but found it difficult to believe in his fantastic success. He tried to keep his old friends and found they couldn't follow him. His trajectory went on, and up. Through his yachting, he met Queen Victoria, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. In 1898 he was knighted by the Queen. In the same year he converted his business into a limited-liability company, and the tally of Lipton's then stood at 600 branches all over the British Isles; his own tea, cocoa, and coffee plantations in Ceylon; his own packing house for hogs in Chicago, and farms, factories and bakeries in England. Success could carry him no further.

In the meantime his parents had died. By this time the business had begun to look after itself, and his interest wandered. He had definitely and spectacularly arrived, and, feeling very much like the first Man in the Moon, he took stock of his surroundings. He was absolutely alone, with not a single relative anywhere in the world. He had never married, nor ever wanted to. Laughing at solitude, he began to enjoy himself with all the zest he had put into making his money. This business of the America's Cup — he threw himself into that with the five Shamrocks, one after another, so that now he would jettison the whole of Lipton's to "lift that damned old mug."

He found life extraordinarily amusing. He had few close friends in addition to Lord Dewar, whose name is more familiar to a dry republic than it ought to be, and who had traveled a path almost parallel to his own, but he became the most universally popular man alive. He has a gameness that appeals to the whole world.

In 1902 he got a baronetcy, and set about finding himself a coat of arms. With the connivance of the College of Heralds, he evolved one with shamrock and thistle, with

> Crest: Two arms in saltire, the Dexter surmounted by the Sinister, holding a sprig of the tea plant erect and the other a like sprig of the coffee plant, both slipped and leaved

proper, vested about the elbows argent. Motto: There's no fun like work.

After this *tour de force* his friends began to speak of him as "Sir Tea."

Sir Thomas Lipton lives now among his memories. He dwells among marble halls in a place called Southgate. The house is a museum of reminiscence. Enormous rudders confront one at every turn, and tillers and compasses and bowsprits and the sort of Greek goddesses one puts generally in the garden. He is passionately devoted to billiards, and the players pick their way among these heavy objects, or crack a figurehead with the flat end of a cue. There is an aroma of teak and tar and oriental gums. The walls are a mass of photographs, of boats and princesses and launching ceremonies and distant places. Even the yachting trophies which used to be kept in a bank are below stairs in a strong-room, guarded by an ex-policeman. Sir Thomas will show you these things with fatherly pride, but he is pleased most of all with the small stuffed figure of a dog who lives under the tea table. It was given to him by an American lady, and lived for its allotted span as his mascot. It is a fox terrier with the perfect trefoil of a shamrock on its rump. Its tail forms the stalk.

He has a Singalese servant called John, a black man in white skirts and long hair wrapped round a tall tortoise-shell comb, from whom chauffeurs recoil in terror. He answers the door and waits at table with a sinister watchfulness, and has done so for 30 years. You meet unusual people here, all redolent of the sea, bearded men with keen eyes and short pipes, the captains of decrepit tramps and Atlantic liners. Sir Thomas is a great believer in fresh air. He plays a little golf, potters among his orchids, goes down to the stables to see his trotting horses, and motors a great deal. He has three colossal prewar Mercedes cars, chain-driven and of uncounted horsepower, green and polished brass. He will often order one of these out at two in the morning, and drive 30 or 40 miles.

Sir Thomas likes to show his trophies and tell you his stories. Today he is an English institution, like the Albert Memorial. Although he is now an old gentleman of 80, the essential likeable boy is very close beneath the surface. Life still beckons with the same old notice-board: "Boy Wanted."

King Muskrat and His Empire

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (October, '30)

Edward Jerome Vogeler
Former Baltimore newspaperman

WHEN John Jacob Astor built the first American fortune through traffic in pelts, the beaver was the acknowledged king of fur-bearers. For centuries, beaver was coin of the realm throughout Canada. Values were computed in beaver skins. In those days, every effectual means of pelt-taking was permissible and diligently applied; animals were shot, trapped, caught in dead-falls; they were smoked out of their dens in breeding season.

Under such persecution the beaver failed to maintain his supremacy. His very industry was a factor in his undoing, the inevitable dams adjoining his habitat betraying his home to trappers. Then, too, the beaver failed to reproduce his kind in sufficient numbers to keep apace with the demand for his pelts. A monogamist, he chooses his life mate in his second year and requires three months to produce a family — usually a litter of not more than two or three cubs. So the beaver lost ground. And, strange as it may seem, beaver fur waned in popularity as the number of available pelts diminished. The rich brown coat was too heavy for our moderate climate.

Through these years, muskrats were multiplying throughout the United States and Canada. This prolific, semi-aquatic mammal occurs over the greater part of North America, from the less frigid region of the Arctic to the Mexican gulf. While the beaver was potentate, the sly little denizen of our marshes and streams was disdainfully ignored. Today he furnishes an annual crop of 17,000,000 skins.

It required a World War to bring Johnny Musquash into his own. Before that time, the secrets of dyeing and finishing fur were jealously guarded in Europe. American furs had to be shipped abroad raw, eventually to be returned to this country and sold to the ultimate American consumer at about 20 times the cost of the hides. With the War, the European dye centers seethed with military operations, and the American fur trade was forgotten. So leaders of our fur trade hurried to Europe, determined to bring back at any cost the secrets that meant their business salvation. It proved a difficult task. But by offering fabulous sums, a dozen

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families of experts were fairly kidnapped into our country. There are few more striking illustrations of men being paid for what they knew, rather than for what they did. European fur sorters, accustomed to working for a few pennies a day, received as much as $7000 for three months' work. Mere boys were paid $200 a week. One American firm experimented on 200,000 muskrats and 25,000 pounds of rabbit hides before it perfected an elusive formula for producing "Hudson Seal." The American fur trade learned the business "from the skin" up, and almost immediately rose to a position of world leadership in all branches of the industry.

Today we are the world's greatest producers as well as consumers of fur. Our annual harvest is more than twice that of Russia — our nearest competitor — and nearly five times that of Canada. Louisiana alone produces more actual pelts than all the provinces of the Dominion.

Although $50,000,000 has been invested in fur farming in the United States — chiefly for silver foxes — muskrat farming in a strict sense has never been attempted seriously. The muskrat requires but little attention and it is impractical to build fenced-in marshes when millions of acres of marsh land are available. At the same time many of the choice areas bordering the Great Lakes and the coastal marshes of Louisiana, Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey are known as muskrat farms and are controlled by business interests which patrol their holdings and regulate trapping.

The great bulk of our finest furs are still taken from animals in their wild state. The sheltered city dweller has but little conception of the rôle our host of trappers play in 20th century life. With between 700,000 and 1,000,000 busily engaged during the open season gathering the millions of pelts absorbed annually by the fur trade, the question has often risen as to whether or not our fur-bearing gentry would be able to pay this toll without eventual decimation. The problem is met squarely by Johnny Musquash.

The reigning king of fur bearers has actually thrived under existing conditions. The same trappers who during the legal trapping period send him to market in such huge numbers have, by destroying his natural enemies the mink, wildcat, coyote and wolf, protected his family during the all-important breeding season. A pair of muskrats will produce from three to five litters a year, the average litter consisting of from five to eight young.

In direct contrast with his noxious rat cousins, the muskrat is among the most immaculate of

creatures. His domicile, not unlike the larger domain of the beaver, consists of a mound of aquatic vegetation with a spacious room in the center always above the water line, but with tunneled exits and entrances below the surface. He is strictly herbivorous, his chief diet consisting of three-cornered grass and other vegetation of the marshland that has never been considered of any value to mankind.

Last year, during spring floods of the Mississippi, grave apprehension was entertained for the safety of Johnny Musquash. It was deemed inevitable that thousands of these valuable little creatures would perish, and trappers joined forces to "Save the King!" Hundreds of rafts, piled high with the three-cornered grass, were floated upon the raging Mississippi. Almost immediately, myriads of the furry creatures took advantage of the shelters. Last fall, thanks to these heroic measures, Louisiana muskrats were as plentiful as ever.

This year drought has dried up thousands of acres of marsh lands. While farmers were praying for rain to save their corn and wheat, trappers were breathing similar exhortations to save their rats.

Fortunately for the fur industry, the muskrat adapts himself with equal facility to flood or drought. Long before the sun will completely dry up a marsh, the muskrat population will migrate in a body, guided by an unerring instinct to deeper water. During July and August swarms of these fur bearers were seen changing their homes in Louisiana, scurrying across fields in orderly formation, invariably in a straight line from a parched area to water.

As you drive through the woods or over the mountains, you may conclude that our fur bearers are rapidly disappearing. But the records maintained by conservation departments in all our states prove otherwise. The fur bearers are not on parade, but they are still plentiful. Last year, for instance, the state of Pennsylvania paid bounties on more than 60,000 weasels — notwithstanding the fact that hundreds of thousands of natives of that state may never have seen a weasel. In another recent year the United States Biological Survey, in a campaign against the animals that exact a heavy toll of our livestock, killed 130,000 wolves, coyotes and wildcats.

It is the age-old story of the survival of the fittest. And among the most fit, little Johnny Musquash has proven himself without peer through his inordinate ability to rear large and frequent families.

Behind Corruption in Our Cities

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine (September 14, '30)

William Bennett Munro

For 25 years Professor of Municipal Government at Harvard, and author of several textbooks on the subject

EVERY once in a while the people of our great cities get considerably stirred up by sudden disclosures of corruption and mismanagement in their municipal administration. Then ensues a more or less volcanic eruption of popular indignation. The people want some one to tell them why their city government seems to be harboring so many crooks, and what ought to be done about it. Several big American communities are passing through one of these spells just now.

The sporadic instances of dishonesty and malfeasance which are being uncovered by investigators are rather discouraging, but they should not mislead us into thinking that the rot has eaten all the way to the core. Because the head of a vice squad is found to have piled up a bank account by blackjacking the bootleggers it does not follow that the whole police establishment is honeycombed. The entire fabric of city administration is not necessarily moth-eaten because some Alderman proves to have been on a dead gangster's payroll.

As a matter of fact, the great majority of city officials and employes are honest, fairly efficient and reasonably industrious in the face of considerable temptation to the contrary. Every investigation that has been made into city affairs in the past 30 years will support that proposition. The probers have found corruption and indolence in spots, to be sure; and sometimes in a good many spots; but rarely if ever have they reported a single department to be corrupt "from top to bottom" (as reformers so often allege) and much less have the investigators produced evidence to prove that the entire municipal service is affected.

The dishonesty and the unholy alliances with the underworld which have been uncovered in our cities in the past year would not have caused a ripple of indignation back in the good old days of the Tweed Ring, the Gas Ring, and the Forty Thieves. Bostonians got much excited a few months ago because the city's most famous policeman, nicknamed Ollie the Duck, was shown to have bought a milk farm with the proceeds of two years' police activity. Boss Tweed cleaned up

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$50,000,000 in fifty months, not to speak of what he split with his friends.

Our municipal standards are far higher today. Wrongdoing, even on a smaller scale, makes more commotion when it is found out. The cities are better governed than they used to be. Their charters are improved, their business methods bettered, the checks on speculation are more effective, and there is today a higher return for public expenditures than there was 20 or even 10 years ago.

Methods of budget-making have been improved everywhere; the cities have installed accounting systems which actually account and do not simply mystify; business methods have been brought into city purchasing; unit costs are now regularly figured out and compared; the procedure in assessing property for taxation has been made more equitable; money is no longer borrowed on long terms to pay current expenses; the awarding of contracts has been put on a better basis, and publicity has replaced the hole-in-a-corner methods of getting the city's business done. The list of advances, if given in full, would be a long one. They are all of prime importance.

It is true that corruption and chicane still contribute too many paragraphs of sordidness to every story of the year's doings at the City Hall, and it is also true that this corruption is getting to be harder to uncover than it used to be. It is of a more refined variety. No longer is there much outright bribery of Aldermen for long-term franchises and fat contracts, or straight payments to bosses for administrative favors. Nowadays there are roundabout and more subtle ways. One way is to retain the right lawyers in pressing the application.

What are the causes which permit corruption to continue in the large cities in spite of all that has been done to root it out? The answer to this question, if it is to come anywhere near the mark, will not be a short and simple one. Some of the causes go to the groundwork of our municipal system; others are mere excrescences which can be eradicated. Some merely represent the price which our cities are paying for the decade of industrial prosperity through which they have just passed. An era of business expansion always lulls the people into a false sense of security, which then becomes the racketeer's heyday.

Fundamentally, the chief cause of municipal corruption, chicanery, inefficiency and extravagance is this: The form of government now operating in most of the larger American cities is badly adapted to the work that has to be done. It is too cumbrous, in-

tricate, involved and inept, with too little concentration of power. As a matter of fact, what we call city government is not mainly government at all. It is business, the greatest part of it. Enacting ordinances is only an incident.

The construction of public buildings, paving of streets, building of sewers, provision of light and water, purchase of supplies, awarding of contracts and the hiring of labor — these are what constitutes a city's daily routine, and they are business functions, every one of them. They are misnamed "government."

Too often a part of the trouble lies in the persistence of the spoils system. Civil service laws have curbed the spoils system, but they have not eliminated the spoils spirit. That spirit permeates every City Hall in the land.

The greatest of all American delusions is the delusion that most of the people pay no taxes and hence have no reason to feel concerned when the tax rate goes skyrocketing. If we could drive home to the minds of the voters this simple economic truth, that public extravagance and dishonesty take their toll from every worker's pay envelope, we would accomplish more for the cause of improved municipal administration than could be achieved in any other way.

Every city, it is said, gets as good government as it deserves; but this overworked epigram merely begs a question as to what a city would deserve if its voters were given a fair chance. To get this fair chance they must first be given a government that they can understand, and the scheme of government which is now being operated in most American cities is not understandable to nine-tenths of the voters.

So the initial step is to simplify the mechanism. Cleveland and Cincinnati have done this with conspicuously beneficial results. Boston and San Francisco, some years ago, gained advantage from it. Of course, the political machines, irrespective of party, can be counted upon to oppose any simplification of charters or governmental framework. The good old maze of checks and balances is the atmosphere in which they prefer to function.

In a word, the fundamental causes of corruption are in truth fundamental. They will not be eliminated by electing a new Mayor, or ousting a District Attorney, or enacting a Baumes law. We will not be wholly rid of our troubles until city government is simplified to a point within the electorate's intelligence, and until the voters realize that the money which is dishonestly expended is their money. That day may seem to be afar off, but it is coming. Our cities have drawn a good deal nearer to it during the past 30 years.

In Defense of Shyness

Condensed from Vanity Fair (September, '30)

Harold Nicolson
Former secretary of the British Embassy in Berlin

IT IS surely discreditable, under the age of 30, not to be shy. Self assurance in the young betokens a lack of sensibility: the boy or girl who is not shy at 22 will at 42 be a bore.

No, let us educate the younger generation to be shy in and out of season: to edge behind the furniture: to say spasmodic and ill-digested things: to twist their feet round the protective feet of sofas: to feel that their hands belong to someone else — that they are objects, which they long to put down on some table away from themselves.

For shyness is the protective fluid within which our personalities are able to develop into natural shapes. Without this fluid the character becomes merely standardized or imitative: it is within the tender velvet sheath of shyness that the full flower of idiosyncrasy is nurtured: it is from this sheath alone that it can eventually unfurl itself, colored and undamaged. Let the shy understand, therefore, that their disability is not merely an inconvenience but also a privilege.

I do not think that shyness can be kept within bounds by any ethical arguments. I used to tell myself, for instance, at those moments outside the doorways of the great when shyness becomes a laughing monster with its fangs already gaping at one's heart, — I used to tell myself that I was as good, as powerful, as rich, as beautiful as any of those I was about to meet. This was not a good system. It made me pert. I would bounce into the room gaily, as if I were the Marquis de Soveral; be somewhat impudent to my hostess, cut my host dead, show undue familiarity towards the distinguished author, and fling myself into an armchair. The chair would recede at this impact and upset a little table on which were displayed a bottle of smelling salts, a little silver cart from Rome, a Persian pen-box, and a bowl of anemones. These objects would rattle loudly to the floor, and with them would tumble my assertiveness.

Such deductive systems invariably fail. Fatal also is the reverse process of behaving like the worm one feels. "Remember," I have said to myself on giving my hat and coat to the footman, "remember that you are a worm upon this earth. These people have only asked you because they

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met your aunt at St. Jean de Luz. They do not wish to see you, still less do they wish to hear you speak. You may say good evening to your hostess, and then you must retreat behind the sofa. If addressed, you will reply with modesty and politeness. If not addressed, you will not speak at all." Things do not work out that way. The place behind the sofa is occupied by an easel: and then one falls over the dog. No, — shyness must be controlled by more scientific methods.

In the first place, you must diagnose the type of shyness from which you suffer. There are two main divisions of the disease, the physical and the mental type. The physical type are shy about their limbs, — their arms and legs make jerky movements which cause breakages and embarrassment. The mental type are shy about what they say or where they look. It is the latter who are most to be pitied. For whereas the physical sufferer can generally, by using great circumspection, avoid the worst consequences of his affliction, the mental type is not released until he finds him or herself alone again in the motor, homeward bound. It is upon the latter type that I desire to concentrate.

The first rule is to make it perfectly clear to one's parents before arriving at the party that one is to remain unnoticed. One's mother should not be allowed to make gestures at us — down the table — of encouragement and love. One's father should be forbidden to confide to the hostess that this is the first time that you have worn an evening suit or a low necked dress, — should be forbidden to cast sly paternal glances at one, or to observe whether one does, or does not, enjoy oneself. One must be left alone with one's shyness.

The second rule is to determine from the outset that one does not desire to shine either socially or intellectually. Nor should one attempt to appear older than one actually is. These things do not carry conviction. You will find yourself, if you give way to these ambitions, slipping into phrases which are not your own phrases and of which, once they have escaped the barrier of your lips, you will feel ashamed. You may be calling, for instance, upon the wife of a neighbor: you will find her sitting on the veranda in a green deck chair: if you are wise, you will have the modesty to say merely "How are you, Mrs. Simpson?"; but if you are unwise, and wish to appear at your ease, you will exclaim "Please don't get up!" Having said this, you will reflect that Mrs. Simpson had no idea of getting out of her deck chair for such a worm as you. Do not, therefore, adopt or even adapt the phrases of your

elders. Above all do not break into conversations. It may well be that the Primavera is a picture painted, not by Cimabue, but by Botticelli. But it is not for you, when others attribute the painting to an earlier artist, either to interfere or to correct. A slight pursing of the lips is all that you may allow yourself. The only justification for being shy is to be shy to all the people all the time. You must avoid being pert to governesses and polite to bishops. But if you are always shy, people will end by imagining that you have a modest nature: and that, since it will flatter their own self-esteem, will make you extremely popular. Only when you have become popular can you afford to be interesting, intelligent, or impressive. It is a great mistake to endeavor to awaken admiration before you have stilled envy, and it is only when people have started by ignoring the young that they end by liking the young. It may be a comfort to you therefore to consider that it is an excellent thing, at first, to be regarded as being of no importance.

There are certain more practical hints which I should wish to furnish to the youthful shy. It is essential, for instance, to have quite clear in your mind what are to be the opening words which you will address to your hostess. Unless you have prepared these words, other words may come skipping into their place, and instead of saying "How are you, Mrs. Simpson? It was too kind of you to let me come," you will say, "Your butler has got the largest carbuncle I have ever seen."

Then there is that business about saying goodbye. I became quite good at what we might call "set" goodbyes, the ones, that is, for which I was prepared in advance. It was the unexpected greetings and farewells that I failed, for so long, to manage. The meeting with one's schoolmaster in Regent Street. The few minutes' conversation, — the terror of how to get away. One cannot swing around on those occasions and walk off briskly in the opposite direction. The dodge is to begin to move while still speaking. "Well, don't forget to ring me up," one says — walking backwards and away from the man, "Central 4689," one shouts at a receding figure.

Perhaps shyness is a purely Anglo-Saxon failing. I doubt whether even the tenderest of the Roman poets, whether Virgil even was shy. Horace, as we know, was one large lump of bounce. Nor was Dante shy — disagreeable was Dante, but never shy. Yes, I think shyness is an Anglo-Saxon quality. And as such it should be honored as a bond between the English-speaking nations.

So You're Glad to Be Home?

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (October, '30)

Alice Beal Parsons
Author of "John Merrill's Pleasant Life"

"I BET you're glad to get back," my window washer said to me in my New York apartment, two days after I had landed from Europe. But I shook my head doubtfully as I looked past him to the narrow ugly street that seemed so strange to me.

Strange to me, the street on which my own house stands! Literally strange, because during my absence it had been torn up in order to widen it a few inches, and all the façades of the houses opposite had been changed. But strange, too, in a deeper sense. For I had left a world in which man is still the central figure, and had returned to one in which he has become definitely subordinate to that devouring growth we call the Industrial System.

In the Europe which I had left man could have all the satisfactions and stimulations of living in a city near congenial friends, without exiling himself from natural things. The sky was not shut away from him by towering buildings. He was not ignorant of the change of the seasons, from lack of trees on which to watch them come and go. Birds sang in his city garden and sunshine streamed in his windows. In Paris the Seine is a gracious river, with rows of chestnut trees on either side, and a stone embankment on which men fish and sketch and loaf and read in the very heart of the city. The Hudson is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. But there is no spot from which the citizen of New York can stroll along his river — although, like the Seine, it flows through the very heart of his town.

Considered as a stylistic performance, New York is one of the wonders of the world. "The mere mass of it excites me," a painter said to me. "Just driving through its streets thrills me. To see it and try to compass it emotionally is a great experience. To see it for the first time is like being born again."

"But as a place to live in?" I asked.

"Oh no! It's impossible to live in," she agreed.

Manhattan loses population every year. People are running away from its abstract beauties as fast as they can. For choice they have the suburbs and the country. If they select well-established or fashionable suburbs, they will be lucky if their neigh-

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bors speak to them after a residence of ten years; and if they pick out helter-skelter suburbs, they'll be lucky if they find any neighbors they want to speak to.

If they pick the country, they must be able to retire from business, or they must be willing to be very poor, since men can't make a comfortable living in the country any more. And though it is one thing to live without much money in a country like France, where most of the "durable satisfactions of life" can be obtained without it, it is another thing to be without money in America, where everything has its cash price. Money is relative. You can live comfortably on a thousand a year if your friends have no more. You will be wretched on it if the inadequacies of this sum cut you off from the life about you.

In the attitude of Americans toward life in this country I have found four categories.

The first class expresses what seems to me a bewilderingly complacent acceptance of man's subordination to the machine. Does Industry want the banks of the great river that flows past our city? Then Industry must have it and man can do without. There seems to me something almost masochistic in the admiration with which men of this class look at the great piles of masonry that shut off their sunlight, at the smoke belching into the air.

The second class, also numerically large, is made up of those who fondly believe that New York and Chicago and Pittsburgh are not America. Perhaps they aren't, in the matter of Prohibition and obscenity and art and rapid transit, but when it comes to the things the Industrial system has done to them, I suspect they're just the bellwethers of the flock.

The third class is fatalistic and includes today most of the intellectuals and artists. Man is a fool and always has been, it says. Give him as dangerous a weapon to play with as the machine and mass production, and you can expect him to make just such a mess of it as he has. You can expect him to forget that the machine exists to save labor, not to increase it, to make life pleasanter, more beautiful, more satisfying. Ralph Flanders observes in Mr. Beard's symposium that for the first time in History man has the opportunity to be civilized without being an exploiter, since our luxuries, our leisure, are founded on the machine instead of on serfs. Man has opportunity! But what a chasm between that pleasant possibility and the facts, even on the material side! Only a rich man in America today can afford to live in a well-built house. Every peasant in Italy has a tile roof to his house and plaster-covered stone walls, while

even well-to-do Americans must put up with paper or shingle roofs and few can afford stone walls.

The fourth class is numerically small, but there is a horrid ring of conviction about its belief. Yes, it says, we are building inhuman cities and an inhuman world; but they won't last long. When they get bad enough, man will rise up and overthrow the whole horrible system. He will sweep clean and begin over again. These enthusiasts, being as a rule young and without much historical perspective, forget that after such a sweeping clean there has always ensued a long period, sometimes centuries long, of desolation. Not having the hearty temperament that likes to burn the barn down in order to get the horses out, I can't welcome their forecast with much pleasure, especially when I remember that Europe too is about to industrialize itself.

The most interesting thing to Europe today is America. Europeans are even forgetting to hate us because of the war debts, or to envy us because of the money we throw around, so absorbed have they become in ourselves as a phenomenon. They drink our cocktails, they talk our slang, they read our books. They manfully swallow past prejudices and admit us to intimacy with themselves.

Paul Morand, who shares the interest, explains that the real cause of this interest is the Industrial System. Mass production has brought wealth. It has built fabulous cities. New York is its capital, and in New York Morand finds the greatest intellectual activity anywhere in the world. But it will ruin Europe, he says, and I can't but agree with him. It will substitute for that gracious world something strange and inhuman.

Why are Europeans copying us, if the results are so horrible? For one thing because, like our optimistic engineers, they believe its results needn't be horrible, and of course, like us, they are allured by its prospects of "easy money," its illusory promise of conquering the drudgery of life at last. But there is a far more urgent factor than this. No intelligent observer of the last war could fail to see that military supremacy in the future would be dependent on industrial supremacy. To survive in an industrialized world, Europe *must* industrialize.

Already Soviet Russia has gone in for industrialization on a grand scale. Already Europe is toying with our fire. America has been the first to permit herself to be devastated by the machine age. The most absorbing question of our generation is this: Can she also, before her devastation spreads too widely, bridle that wild beast and keep it from running amuck over the world?

White Magic

Condensed from McCall's (October, '30)

Henry James Forman

Author and editor; formerly associated with the Literary Digest, North American Review, and Collier's Weekly

BRISKLY the woman, standing alone in a modernistic kitchen, picks up a tray and starts for the door. "Time for dinner. Ring the bell, Casey," she says over her shoulder.

A bell clangs. The woman approaches the door, and silently it swings open. She walks through, and it closes behind her. There is no human being in either room, save the woman.

As she sets the tray down on a table, lights flash on unbidden. All through the house unseen, quiet hands are serving.

This is no ghost story, no fantasy. It is a realistic picture of the home of the future. Inventors have these and other wonders in store for us.

The laboratory of the General Electric Company is one of the great battlegrounds of the science of electricity where the vistas of the future stretch wide and clear. The men in these laboratories are trying, as one of them put it, to discover the bricks out of which the universe is built — no less than that. The bricks of the universe take a lot of finding, but these men press on and on, ever a little nearer to the cosmic brickyard.

Someone has said that many a great discovery is due to accident, provided there is a trained observer present to note it. Here is the case of one such accident that occurred quite recently. The men working in one of the laboratories in the neighborhood of a certain vacuum tube found that they were becoming hot, flushed, feverish. They were obliged to leave their work and go home. What could cause their fever, could it be the tube? A number of flies were put in a tube containing some liquid air — the coldest thing we know. The flies were, of course, dead, inert. Presently, in the proximity of the strange "fever" tube, the flies began to stir, to move about, to attempt flying. Something was affecting their internal temperature. Then, four workmen, working near that tube, became flushed and complained of fever.

Now, it happens that in the treatment of certain ailments, doctors have need of inducing fever in the patient. Fever is nature's way of fighting an invading organism in the system. "This tube means," as one of the research engineers said, "that we

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can produce artificial fever, and hold it under control within any limits we choose. This new discovery may prove of startling value in the treatment of disease."

The director of the laboratory even sees these tubes as one day replacing our central heating systems — of warming bodies instead of houses.

There is a certain robot at the laboratories affectionately known as "Casey Jones." Casey Jones, at the moment of this writing, is still masquerading as a toy electric locomotive. The peculiarity of Casey, however, which gives him a bright future, is that he obeys the commands of the human voice. "Go ahead!" "Stop!" "Now back up!" — in every case the little robot obeys the orders. The engineers see almost infinite possibilities in the young scamp when he grows up. Here is a picture of him as a healthy stripling.

You are lying in bed comfortably reading. You close your book. "Casey," you say through the telephone instrument at your bedside, "open the window." The young devil instantly obeys. In the morning it is just the same. "Casey, close the window." "Open the furnace." "Turn the heat on." Casey obeys. The number of syllables you use is what influences Casey.

New uses of tremendous importance for the photo-electric cell, or "electric eye," are discovered almost every day. Why do so many school children have to wear glasses? One reason, undoubtedly, is imperfect lighting, which neither teachers nor pupils notice. The electric eye can be set for the necessary minimum of light, and whenever daylight falls below this intensity, either because of clouds or the waning sun, it will turn on the schoolroom lights — and turn them off again when the sun reëmerges.

An electric eye placed before a door will catch your shadow as you approach and will automatically open the door. The convenience for a woman carrying a tray of dishes to the kitchen is obvious. The eye can control city lighting, turning on the street lamps at dusk and off at sunrise. It is now at work watching the exhaust smoke in the Holland Tube for motor vehicles in New York. When there is too much smoke it infallibly starts the ventilating fans going. It can sort out dark objects from white, as in the case of coffee beans. It can record temperatures in steel blast furnaces. In view of its many talents who can blame its parents for predicting a bright future for it?

Dr. Irving Langmuir, one of the foremost research scientists in the country, invented a few years ago a tube called thyratron, or the door-tube. What this tube prom-

ises for the immediate future is staggering.

Great as is the quantity of electricity we already use, it is small compared with what we might use. The United States, for instance, has thus far harnessed only about one-third of its water power for electrical use. We send electricity short distances and we burn coal to produce it. The chief reason is that it is uneconomical to send alternating current over wires for longer distances than about 200 miles. Too much power is wasted.

Direct current, however, would be far more economical to transmit over long distances; but virtually all of our machinery and lighting systems are built for the alternating current. What to do? Now the thyratron shows how to solve the problem. It sits at the end of the line and converts the direct current after its many miles of travel into alternating current — ready for any and every use. It can take care of a current of 100,000 volts as easily as one of 10,000.

What does this mean? Briefly, that some 23,000,000 horsepower of water power still unused in the United States can be put to use and help us conserve that amount of coal. It means that a power station built over a coal mine in Pennsylvania could carry current just as well to Iowa or Nebraska as to near-by towns.

It means that the *complete* electrification of the country must inevitably follow.

The Age of Light is surely upon us. Sun lamps, at a cost of under $70, already make it possible for our children to play in the genuine equivalent of sunlight through the long winter months. Invention, however, does not stop short of that. Dr. Matthew Luckiesh has been experimenting with a lamp that should become our natural illuminant and bring into every home the physiologic equivalent of summer sunlight; men working at desks in ordinary office buildings will become bronzed of face from lights operating directly in our common lighting systems.

Experiments growing out of the talkies have led Dr. C. W. Hewlett to construct a machine which instead of using disk records, like a phonograph, uses film. A roll of film of 400 feet can fit into your pocket. When this machine is marketed, we shall be able to borrow from circulating libraries the film records of complete concerts, symphonies, books, and hear them at our convenience.

All these things exist just around the corner; they are fated to appear at the call of modern scientific "white magic."

Famine in China

Condensed from The Survey (October, '30)

Grover Clark

For ten years editor of the "Peking Leader"

THE past two years and a half have seen a famine in the great Yellow River basin in China which, in terms of loss of human life, ranks among the greatest calamities in human history. At least as many people have died of starvation and its incidental diseases as died from all causes in all the fighting forces of the World War — and though rains at last have made crops possible throughout practically all the drought area, the loss of life is by no means over.

It is hard, here in well-fed America, to appreciate what famine means. I have seen something of it, in the course of a trip last winter into the famine area. Before I went on this trip I had grown accustomed to the everyday poverty of the Chinese peasants. Then I saw famine — and I know that to my dying day the memories will haunt me.

Try to imagine you and your neighbors over several hundred square miles, with all the grocery stores, all the bakeries, all the delicatessen shops closed because they had no food to sell, except a few where you might be able to get a handful of grain for the equivalent of a week's wages — if you still had any money left. Assume that there were no trains to bring in food, no automobiles, even no carts because there were no animals to pull them — all the animals having died of starvation or been eaten long since. Assume that to get even a handful of dried grass roots you had had to spend a long day grubbing into the dust of the fields that had been without rain for months, and that now you could not get even this "food," nor leaves off the trees, because snow covered the frozen ground. Assume that with the temperature down around zero you had no clothes but a single ragged layer of thin cotton and no firewood because you already had torn down most of your house to get wood to burn or sell for food. Assume that you saw your children starving, some of them already dead, and that you had reached a state in which you snatched at the chance to get them food by turning them over to strangers who promised to treat them well. Then assume that this had been your condition and your neighbors' for six months, a year, and then another year, while one after another of your acquaintances and your

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family died and you saw your own turn steadily drawing nearer. It is hard here in the United States to imagine such a condition. Yet that is what millions in China have been going through.

I did not get into the very worst famine sections. But I saw a village of 800 families in which over half of the families had had nothing to eat but leaves and weeds for over a year. I saw the sudden savage glare in the eyes of these starving people, and heard their savage cries, when we began to distribute a little bread which we had brought. Not even New York's elevated can drown the memory of the beast-like note in those voices.

I saw bodies of those who had died of starvation during the night lying along the streets waiting to be picked up and carried to the place where such bodies were dumped because there were too many to bury. I saw the dumping ground and what the dogs had left of these bodies. I saw people on the streets looking ready to join the dead — and I saw the even more terrible savage hardness of the few who apparently had managed to keep themselves well nourished.

I have talked with men who have seen sights much worse than these — who have seen ten consecutive villages with only one old woman left alive; who have seen wolfish bands of what once were peaceful farmers wandering the countryside seeking what they could find to eat and eating what they found, even the bodies of human beings.

What caused this famine of 1928–30 in China? Chiefly drought-bred crop failures, though human causes have contributed. The passing and repassing of armies, living off the country as they went, and the movement by the military of large quantities of grain out of the central Shensi region after the good crops of the spring of 1927, left the people with little if anything in the way of reserves.

Relief has been carried on by many agencies. American gifts through the China International Famine Relief Commission so far have totaled about two million dollars. Probably other foreign gifts have come to another half million dollars. Chinese private contributions have amounted to something like seven million dollars. The national and provincial governments have put in, in cash, at least another seven million besides free transportation of relief supplies.

What has been done with this money? Most of it has gone into what is called "direct free relief," that is the maintenance of soup kitchens, refuges for famine victims and similar efforts directed exclusively toward keeping as many people as possible alive

without any reference to what would happen after the relief work stopped.

Free relief, however, is not the only kind that has been carried out. In some famine areas "labor relief" has been given. This is a method of providing relief and at the same time safeguarding the future. The system is this: in regions where an irrigation system can be put in to advantage, or wells dug, or a road built, or dikes constructed to prevent floods, or some other project carried out which will involve the use of considerable labor and contribute to the economic improvement of the region, laborers are recruited from among the famine victims. These men are usually paid in food, and receive enough to feed themselves and their families.

The labor relief method has what seems to some one serious drawback. It is impossible, by this method, to make relief funds go quite so far in saving lives immediately as by direct relief. Men at work must have more food than men who simply exist from one day's gruel kitchen meal to the next. Labor relief projects require more supervision than free relief. For irrigation systems, wells, and so on, something must be spent for essential materials. All this diverts money from buying food for the starving.

Experience has shown, however, that in the long run many more lives are saved by the relief-and-prevention plan than by direct relief, and that even the immediate savings of life through labor relief are between 80 and 85 percent of the savings by free relief.

That difference is more than made up when the future is taken into account. Let me cite one of many illustrations. The famine of 1920–21 was particularly severe in two neighboring areas — Taming and Ting Hsien. Both had suffered for decades from lack of adequate rainfall; both were chronically poor. Practically all of the money for relief work in the Taming region went into direct free relief. Lives were saved; but the 1928–30 famine again caused many deaths in this region.

In the Ting Hsien region some of the relief money was used to provide labor for digging wells. About 2000 wells were sunk. Somewhat fewer people were actually kept alive at that time than direct relief would have done. But the wells have made the region prosperous. During the present famine this section stood out like an oasis of greenness amid its parched surroundings. There can be no doubt that these wells have saved many more lives than were sacrificed in 1921.

How Are You, Joe?

Condensed from College Humor (November, '30)

Frank Condon

ONE of the things that has always troubled me is the thought of middle age. I have frequently pondered whether middle age stole like a thief in the night upon a man. Was he a young fellow one day, his spirit singing, and a middle-aged has-been another? Did it require five or six or ten years to shift him over definitely among the elders, so that genuinely youthful persons addressed him as "sir"?

Well, thought is a great thing. As a result of it, I know all about middle age, what it actually is, how it affects the victim, what it does to his outlook and most important of all, when it begins.

The exact moment when you turn into middle age is when you begin to discuss your bodily ailments and failings; to mention doctors, hospitals, specialists and operations and to find conversational fodder amid the deficiencies of your own teeth, adenoids, tonsils or appendix. That day you have ceased to be young, and it doesn't matter whether you were born in 1921 or 1876.

The middle-aged person is the one who comes to your house, sits down in your favorite chair by the fire and asks, "Well, William, how have you been feeling?"

"Fine," you say in hearty return. "Have a cigar, Joe. How are you?"

"Not smoking any more, William," he says with a slight gesture of despair, touching himself somewhere with his thumb, as though he was a Christmas doll with a concealed spring.

"You look fine, Joe," you say warmly to the middle-aged dodo who, only a short time back — a mere matter of weeks — was a young man. "How are you feeling?"

You expect him to answer "pretty good" or "so-so" or ignore the question completely and go on with the chat, but you have unwittingly tapped a vast reservoir. "Not any too good, William," he replies and without further ceremony he launches into a detailed dissertation of what is the matter with him. There is plenty the matter with Joseph, and plenty the matter with every middle-aged man and woman. That is why they are middle-aged.

This particular Joseph explains in a low undertone that in his case, the doctors believe it must

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be his tonsils, but it may be his teeth. If not his teeth, then it is a rare germ called the *bacillus pyrex* which is sneaking around amid the interstices of his spine. Anyhow, Joseph goes on — his heart and stomach are affected; he cannot sleep nights; he cannot eat; or take moderate exercise; or drink coffee, tea, cocoa, milk, cocktails, beer, orange juice, water or lemon squash. The minutes become hours, and although you may not have seen Joseph in a year, you hear no news at all beyond the fact that the specialists have called a meeting and intend to find out what is wrong with Joe's digestive tract, if it kills him.

There are plenty of men and women who are never going to be either middle-aged or old. They will die young, because by virtue of a lucky gift from the empyrean gods, they never have the slightest desire to debate their pains and ills in public. They are in the minority and are pleasant people to know, for they have time to discuss matters of general interest. The others — the hopelessly middle-aged boys and girls — are the pitiful victims of a mental habit and sadly enough, they refuse to stay home and have their diseases in solitude. They demand publicity for their petrified arteries, and they are going to have it.

The secret of youth is never to say anything about a pain in your stomach; never to go near a hospital except to visit the afflicted; never to let a strange surgeon look down your throat, for if you do he will howl for your tonsils; never to begin the practice of having your teeth photographed, because then your day as a healthy human being is ended; and never to mention the word "infection" to anyone over 50 years of age unless the room has several large doors and windows through which you can leap.

Filling Empty Arms

Condensed from The American (September, '30)

Neil M. Clark

TILL a spring in 1914, Florence Walrath was merely a happy woman. Wife and mother, sheltered, with few worries. That day, however, brought tragedy to a very dear friend, and revolution to herself. The friend lay in a hospital heartbroken. The baby she had longed for was born, breathed — and died.

Florence Walrath felt that words were useless at such a time. What could she *do?* A task turned up. The friend's husband exclaimed: "I wish we could *adopt* a baby!"

Queer stories are told about adopted children, and Florence Walrath was doubtful at first. But she consulted physicians, visited hospitals and "homes." At last she found a baby that was just right, and carried it triumphantly to her friend. During this search she caught the first glimpse of a world wholly new to her, where motherhood was not a joyful experience, but a passing through the shadows of shame, fear, poverty, or despair. That glimpse was due to expand to something new under the sun!

Skipping 16 years, we find the Florence Walrath of 1930 a grandmother. And in thousands of homes scattered through every state, she is known as the woman who made adoption safe for parents, and parents safe for adopted babies: founder and managing director of The Cradle Society, of Evanston, Illinois, and rescuer of hundreds of babies from possibly a lifelong brand.

The Cradle is an old *kind* of institution, with wholly new methods; these, based on new knowledge, psychological and medical, have already affected thousands of lives. The Cradle has shown, for the first time on a large scale, that adoption, when properly regulated, need not be a gamble, either for parent or child — no more so than having one's own children — and that real parenthood is a function of *rearing* children, not merely *bearing* them.

Mrs. Walrath is a remarkable young grandmother. Her eyes shine with youthful enthusiasm. She understands figures and budgets, human nature, considerable law — and principally babies! No clinging vine. And no dominating female. Just a mother, and grandmother, powerfully in earnest.

"I thought, as most people think," she told me, "that an adopted child could never take

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the place of one's own. I supposed the affections of parents were mysteriously bound up with physical birth. To my surprise, I found the adopting parents loving that little child as tenderly as if she were their own. I began to know then that true parenthood is a stewardship, not ownership; that its values are spiritual, not physical.

"I bragged about that first baby. No doubt I did it because motherhood has been uncommonly precious to me and I have always wished others the same happiness; and now I saw a way for childless parents to have it.

"A couple of these women asked if I would get babies for them. I did it, strengthening my acquaintance at the hospitals where homeless babies were to be found. People began to say: 'If you want to adopt a baby, Mrs. Walrath will help you.'

"The first babies all turned out well. Presently there were more applicants than babies. I saw it would be an advantage to have babies under experts for a while, to make sure they were perfectly healthy before adoption. One of the leading baby specialists of the country consented to give a little of his time free of charge. I hired a trained nurse, and kept the first babies in my home, but soon had to rent beds in a hospital.

"As the project grew, it took quite a bit of money. I paid all the bills at first, but later told my friends they might help if they wanted to and started what I called my Emergency Fund.

"Things were going fine. The State Welfare Department was helping. Then disaster came from clear skies. One day I received a curt message from the hospital superintendent. She said:

"'We shall not be able to take care of your babies any more.'

"Very soon I discovered what was wrong. Certain people had decided we were doing something dreadful: taking babies from the mothers who bore them. No matter how miserable those mothers might be, they said — no matter how eagerly they might want their problems solved by giving up their babies — no matter how poor a chance of happiness the babies might have if their mothers kept them: brush it all aside! The mother must bring up her own. Lifelong unhappiness for an innocent baby? No matter. The mother had erred! . . .

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Mrs. Walrath. "I never urged one solitary mother to give up her baby. It's her choice. Society sets a bar against the fatherless child, as nobody knows better than the unhappy mother.

"What then? Shall she leave her baby on a doorstep some night by stealth? Hundreds are left that way every year in every big city, in defiance of all law. Or shall

there be a recognized way for mothers to release their children into capable hands, to be placed in homes where they will have the tenderest care? Bringing babies to such homes was our job, and we had discovered a great fact known to few others: *the childless homes where children are wanted far outnumber the children who need homes.*

"When the hospital let us down, it first looked as if we were done for. But it proved a blessing in disguise. I hunted up a little house and several business men raised the money to buy it. We incorporated. Thus, in 1923, The Cradle was formally organized."

The house was designed to take care of eight babies. Soon it was outgrown, and the house next door was added. Today three homes are too small.

Twenty-four babies can be cared for at once. They usually remain from four to six weeks, and about 250 are given for adoption each year. Aided by a staff of nine prominent physicians who serve without charge, The Cradle has pioneered in baby care. Babies there get an unusual physical set-up in the most critical period of life. The occasional baby that has a dangerous defect is never given for adoption.

"One of my strangest cases," said Mrs. Walrath, "occurred many years ago. A mother and her 17-year-old daughter came to a hospital, where a baby girl was born to the unmarried daughter. Nobody knew the truth except mother and daughter — and the daughter died when the baby was born.

"The mother (now a grandmother) felt she could not give up the child. Yet she would not reveal her daughter's secret. She left the baby with me, letting the family think her daughter had died of appendicitis. Grieving greatly, she vowed that she could not live without someone in place of her dead daughter. She led up to the idea of adoption. In due time, nobody being the wiser, she did adopt her granddaughter, and is bringing her up as the foster sister of boys and girls who are really uncles and aunts."

Who adopts babies?

"The finest people in the world," Mrs. Walrath asserted; "usually, of course, because none of their own come. Most of our applicants are ordinary married folks, usually in their thirties, with a hunger for children. If they adopt *one*, they usually take a second; nearly half our babies are second adoptions."

Canada's Feeling Toward the United States

Condensed from Current History (October, '30)

J. A. Stevenson
Canadian Correspondent of the London Times

PROBABLY no two human societies have their interests so closely intertwined as the United States and the Dominion of Canada. They have a common frontier of 3000 miles; they derive their political and cultural traditions from the same motherland; they trade with one another and each is the most profitable customer of the other.

Despite this close contact and community of interests, the people of Canada are imbued with what amounts to almost a passion to maintain their own separate identity. Although the earliest settlers in Canada were of French origin, the real foundations of the Dominion were laid by the people known to history as the United Empire Loyalists. They were residents of the United States who differed from the majority of their compatriots on the issues of the Revolutionary War and decided that they must remain under the British flag rather than accept the citizenship of the hated republic. It was they and their descendants who transmitted to the Canadian people a deep-rooted prejudice against the United States.

Undoubtedly the events associated with the World War did not tend to increase the friendliness of Canadian sentiment toward the United States. Canada had endured the travail of the war for two and a half long years before the United States entered it. It exasperated the mass of the Canadian people to see their American neighbors making enormous profits and enjoying immunity from the terrible casualty lists which were bringing grief to thousands of Canadian homes. And in the postwar years the presentation of American-produced motion pictures representing the American Army as the real heroes of the great European conflict created an outburst of indignation throughout the Dominion.

But, if the experiences of the war years have tended to revive ancient prejudices against the United States, other factors have operated in a contrary direction. During the last decade the social ties created by personal blood relationships between the two countries have been enormously reinforced. For many generations there has been an annual southward exodus of Canadian people who have succumbed to the lure

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of the greater material opportunities available in the United States. Since 1921 Canada has lost at least 1,250,000 of the population which she would have possessed had she been able to retain all her emigrants and all the natural increase of her own citizens. It is a fair presumption that four-fifths of these vanished citizens have found their way into the United States. As a result today there is scarcely a home in Canada which has not one or more immediate members of the family settled in the United States. And Canadian mothers who have sons residing in the United States are often the valiant defenders of the country which is affording a good livelihood to their offspring.

Moreover, this Canadian emigration has been balanced by a corresponding northward movement of Americans. It reached its greatest volume in the pre-war years when young farmers from the Dakotas, Nebraska and Minnesota were crossing the boundary to take up homesteads in the cheap fertile lands of the Canadian prairies. In most years American immigration into Canada has reached a figure of 30,000 people and there are few Canadian towns of any size which do not contain a substantial contingent of Americans. Sir William Van Horne and Lord Shaughnessy, the first two presidents of the Canadian Pacific Railway, were both American born; Sir George Perley, who was Canada's High Commissioner in London during the war years and is now one of the leaders of the Canadian Conservative party, is a native of Vermont. And other prominent names might be cited.

Curiously enough, prohibition has been an important factor in cementing the social ties between the countries. Canada, immune from the Volstead Act, has developed great attractions as a holiday ground for Americans and every summer thousands pour across the frontier. As a result the tourist business has now become one of the major industries of Canada. Again, hundreds of the wealthier classes of Canada are in the habit of spending at least part of the winter in Florida, California or some other Southern State. Many of the friendships formed among young people lead to marriages, and a cementing of social ties takes place. The net result is a steady increase of mutual understanding and friendly feelings between the peoples of the two countries.

Canadians view with somewhat mixed feelings the steady penetration of American capital which has been going on during the last quarter of a century. Today American investment in Canadian enterprises is estimated at

not less than $3,500,000,000. The International Paper and Power Company controls a veritable empire in Quebec and adjacent provinces; the Bell Telephone Company, which supplies Eastern Canada, is a subsidiary of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the Canadian General Electric Company is a satellite of its American namesake. Indeed, there is scarcely a branch of business in Canada in which American capital has not a powerful foothold. Canadians freely recognize that their enjoyment since the war of a period of well-diffused prosperity is due in no small measure to the generous outflow of American capital; without it the Dominion would probably have experienced no better economic fortunes than its motherland and the other Dominions. At the same time, whenever a well-known Canadian firm or business passes into American hands a wave of sentimental lamentation sweeps over the country and alarms are sounded that Canada is proceeding swiftly toward the doom of being an economic appanage of the United States.

Canadians desire to live in peace and amity with their American neighbors, but they have not the slightest intention of foregoing their present position as an autonomous partner State in the British Commonwealth of Nations for the sake of the greater economic prosperity which absorption in the United States would undoubtedly bring. They cherish the belief that they enjoy in their existing political and social order certain manifest advantages over their neighbors. For one thing they have an infinitely more elastic political system so that adjustments which the interests of the country demand can be made without undue stress and strain. Again, throughout the whole Dominion the administration of justice is both efficient and rapid and lawbreakers receive short shrift. The weird stories of the successful exploits of lawless elements which emanate from Chicago and other places fill Canadians with amazement that such a state of affairs could be tolerated, and confirm their belief that while they may not enjoy the abounding material prosperity of the United States, they live less dangerously and have a sounder social structure. They may cherish a certain envy of their neighbors for their greater wealth, lighter taxation burdens and more generous variety of climate and resources, but they are never willing to admit that fate has decreed for them the poorer lot. There may be occasional strains in the relations of the two countries, but fundamentally they have too much in common ever to have any deadly quarrel.

Corralling a Comet

Condensed from the Outlook and Independent (September 17, '30)

Archibald Rutledge
Author of "Days Off in Dixie," "Heart of the South," etc.

IN NEARLY all private schools and colleges it is now the fad to attempt to ascertain, by certain tests, the mental curiosity and the intellectual capacity of the girls and boys.

For many years I have studied, at first hand, these intelligence tests; and I have come to no flattering conclusions regarding the strange examinations whereby normal groups of American boys and girls are secretly divided into Class A, Class B, Class C, and morons. Of course it will never do to tell a mother that her pride and joy is a moron; the dreadful secret is kept from her, but is used against her boy. All this, in face of the fact that, in school, Wagner was considered an idiot, Napoleon, a blockhead, and countless famous men and women who receive the homage of humanity were often at the bottom of the classes they attended. In face of the fact that there is no test for ambition, for initiative, for integrity — those master living qualities by which human destinies are determined.

Now it might be supposed that the intelligence test idea might take hold of men; but that it should delude women also is strange, for surely they are gifted with intuitions which teach them the vanity of mechanical approaches to human nature. Yet it is so.

I was lately admitted as a visitor to a certain seminary, a place of medieval beauty and manners. Entering a classroom to inspect the mental labors of the young ladies there immured, I found they were taking an intelligence test! Later, in the sanctum of the president, I was shown some of their papers.

"Here is Henrietta's," said my hostess; "her great grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence."

"If the day is warm and cloudy, and the smoke hangs low, what do you think these signs mean or promise?" So ran one of the questions.

"They mean that God Almighty has something heavy on his mind." So ran Henrietta's answer. The president turned a slow scarlet.

"To think," she said with pained solemnity, "that one of my girls. . . . We expected her to say that rain was promised. How absurd to mention God!"

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"Which one of your brothers and sisters do you love best?" So ran the second sagacious question.

"The one from whom, at the moment, I happen to want some favor." This from Henrietta.

"I shall really have to interview this child's father," the president said. "She looks intelligent, but her answers give her a very low intelligence rating."

Secretly my heart glowed for Henrietta and her kind. She was honoring her great grandfather by signing her own declaration of independence.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether that mysterious whole which we term *personality* will ever yield to investigators, however patient, honest, and meticulous in their searchings they may be. Zealous examiners and humorless testers of star-dust are making themselves ludicrous when they try laboratory methods on the human spirit. Are they not in truth trying to corral a comet? Are they not trying to capture in test-tubes the thoughts that wander through eternity?

Human character is vital, vivid, and compelling in proportion to its uniqueness. In a deep sense, all the significant figures in our mortal history have been great solitaries. They have had the loneliness of wings.

There is another consideration which should bring the intelligence test into opprobrium: it is that the humdrum mind will often succeed in the performance of so mechanical an exercise, whereas the gifted mind, instinctively rebelling at the request for a performance so puerile and picayune, is likely to be either indifferent or perverse.

I recall, for instance, a jumper of traces who upset some well laid mechanical plans by his delightful refusal to be standardized. The question asked was in a private school, and was less intellectual than social. "What would you do if a lady entered your room?"

He, no doubt, visioning this startling encounter in his celibate's cell in a dormitory, where the fell presence of a woman is supposed to indicate a most arrant moral turpitude in all concerned, answered this dull question, not by saying that he would rise, but by saying, "After turning in the fire-alarm, I'd jump out of the window. In this way I might at least save my soul."

It must have been an intelligence tester who is reported to have written to former President Eliot of Harvard this naïve request:

"My dear Dr. Eliot:

I hear that you are one of the world's greatest thinkers. Will you please write your greatest thought on the enclosed card?"

In all intelligence tests much

is made of the rapidity with which problems are solved; that is, mentality is judged by swiftness. Flashy certainty, immediate arrival are considered evidences of excellence, whereas a slow and thoughtful solution of the same problem is accounted a proof of stagnant mental equipment. Yet life instructs us that genuine cogency is less like lightning than like the rising sun; as life likewise teaches us to distrust the fickle brilliance that some people have, — a brilliance that permits them frequently to guess right instantly. But when they miss, oh, what a miss it is!

I knew of one test consisting of 75 questions. It was considered that if a student answered 40, he would be doing well. Of one large group of 300 students that took this test, two answered all the questions correctly. Of the two men of genius thus discovered, one went to college and was sent home in his sophomore year for many failures; the other, when he was hardly of age, was convicted of embezzling the funds of an orphanage. Truly, the race is not always to the swift.

Intelligence tests are, of course, examinations; but instead of examining students *in* subjects, they examine students *as* subjects. Most examinations are failures: those of us who teach are constantly dismayed to find dullards passing while high-strung, capable students fail. How much worse is the situation when a student's whole mental equipment is compelled to run the gauntlet of tiresome and tireless investigators. The I. Q. of John is discovered to be 90; that of James is only 60. But by every sensible test the latter is far superior to the former. Rarely is it that one who stands high in scholarship in school or college is ever heard of again. The history of our valedictorians in the world of men does not make reassuring reading. Most of them learned to take very deftly mechanical hurdles pedagogically set; but they faltered at the stern barriers that human society lifts against all who invade its realm with a purpose to rise and rule.

"Mr. Johnson," said one of the great philosopher's friends, meeting him after an interval of many years, "I hear that you have become a philosopher. I too have tried to be one; and I know not how it is, but cheerfulness keeps breaking in upon me." Applying these words to the present discussion, we might well imagine a reformed intelligence tester saying: "I too tried to be one; and I know not how it is, but real intelligence would keep breaking in on me."

The Chance for Civilized Housing

Condensed from The New Republic (September 17, '30)

Lewis Mumford

Member of the executive committee of the Regional Planning Association of America

PRESIDENT HOOVER has called together a committee to consider the present status of "home building and home ownership." What are the conditions that such a conference on housing must face?

The first fact we must confront is that the period of "prosperity" from 1922 to 1929 marks a steady decline in the quality of housing in the United States.

During the war, a new start had been made in the business of housing the industrial population of the country. Instead of letting out vast masses of jerry-building to local contractors, the War Housing Board and the Housing Department of the United States Shipping Board called together the best city planners and architects available and commissioned them to plan, not simply houses, but whole communities.

Even in the pressure and haste of the War period, the result of this policy were astonishingly good. Except for the scattered initiative of a few industrial corporations, this was the first time that anything like expert technical direction and architectural imagination had ever been applied to the cheaper sort of domestic dwelling in the United States. Buckman Village near Camden and the Black Rock development at Bridgeport are perhaps the outstanding examples of intelligent planning and design that this effort brought forth; but even relatively less adequate developments showed plainly that the major faults in our housing in the past were due, not so much to the necessary cheapness of the house, but to the speculative builder's demand for exorbitant profits, and to the general lack of any effort to consider the individual home as an organic part of the community.

Building cheap houses, some of the War housing planners presently discovered, was not chiefly a matter of reducing the cost of the external shell; that, at best, was only 20 to 25 percent of the total cost. A good layout required the economic planning of all the municipal utilities, sewers and sewer connections and water mains and paved streets, which enter into the final cost of the house. Improvements in house design were, therefore, dependent upon improvements in community design. The ordinary American city squandered in wasteful

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paving, in excessively wide residential streets, in extravagantly planned public utilities, moneys that should have gone into parks and gardens and playgrounds. The isolated, self-sufficient house was, except in the open country, a myth. In order to lower the costs or improve the design of the individual unit, it was necessary to economize on the whole of which it was a part.

The end of the War abruptly brought these fruitful experiments to a close. A few of the architects and city planners who were engaged on them returned to private practice to work out in greater detail the theory and practice of group housing: one need only mention Mr. John Nolen and his associates in Mariemont and Messrs. Stein, Wright, Ackerman and Kohn in Sunnyside and Radburn; but the movement, as a movement, came to an end. In the orgy of house-building and home-ownership promotion that broke out in the United States in the boom period, our standards of housing abruptly fell. They became even lower, on the whole, than the jerry-building of the period preceding the War.

Mr. Henry Wright, our foremost authority on the subject, has shown that the individual free-standing house has become a luxury for the greater part of the population. What we actually achieve in the shoddy industrial suburbs of Long Island City, Brooklyn, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, is only a hollow counterfeit, so badly built that the houses will require complete renovation before the last instalment has been paid off; and often with very genuine fire hazards and health hazards. He has shown, too, that the cheap free-standing house is cheap only until it must bear its share for the necessary municipal services and improvements; at which point it must either bear a greater share of the expense than it can stand, or throw the burden back upon the high rental districts of the city, thus fostering their further congestion.

The alternative to such low-grade building is group housing and communal planning; for only by this means can we escape the waste of small-scale operations, the waste of the partial use of streets through sporadic spotting of houses, the waste of subdividing and selling land long before it is actively needed for the growth of the community and all the other wastes that go with our absurd habit of using the most exact engineering techniques to increase the confusion and disorder of an unplanned, chaotic development. The dreary streets, the paved back-yards cluttered with garages, the absence of sufficient play space, the daily toll of children's lives from automobile acci-

dents, to say nothing of the cramped quarters only accidentally oriented to sunlight and the leaky walls — these products of "individual initiative" have only to be compared with the intelligent planning of a Black Rock or a Sunnyside to be shown for what they are: a disgrace to our civilization.

A conference that desires to get to the bottom of the problem of "home building and home ownership" would have these developments of the last 15 years very firmly in mind. It would not, I suggest, have any preliminary prejudices as to the immemorial "sacredness" of the individual free-standing house, which in urban communities is not more than a hundred years old. The conference would be ready to face the fact that a higher type of house can be created in row units or in apartments than can be conceived of at the same price level in separate units. Such an inquiry would also recognize the fact that the margin for economic building is so close that it is impossible to build workers' houses at a substantial profit without scamping miserably upon the essential fixtures of the house and its environment: it would be ready to face the alternative of obtaining sufficient amounts of capital from public loans, municipal and federal, as in Europe, if private capital can no longer be induced to enter the field at favorable terms, except to promote slums. It would recognize that the lack of technical progress in the building trades must be overcome: that this involves standardization, the exploration of new processes and materials, and the adaptation of house design to the actual domestic functions to be performed; and it would see that to achieve these economies, without a loss of human and esthetic values, it will be necessary to bring into housing the highest technical and architectural talents the country possesses.

The final program would have two main objectives: one would be the elimination of all substandard housing in the United States. The other would be the provision of technical and financial means for building new communities, in which the individual house unit would economically make use of all our modern technical facilities and would embody the best contemporary ideals of domesticity, hygiene and education, with plenty of sunlight, fresh air, play space, economical housekeeping and opportunity for safe movement. Such a program would afford work during more than a temporary period of depression. For our depression in housing has been a permanent one; and it is only by an equally enduring effort that we shall lift it.

Father and Son

Condensed from the Delineator (October, '30)

William Lyon Phelps
Professor of English Literature at Yale University

ONE of the most fortunate changes which have recently taken place in the home is the disappearance of the old-fashioned head of the house, the domestic tyrant. He was the *paterfamilias*, the super-lord, and his womankind stood in awe of him. If he had eaten too much of the wrong things at supper, a very common indiscretion, he came down to breakfast with a clouded brow. He thought he looked majestic, whereas he merely looked disagreeable. His wife whispered to the children, "Father is nervous this morning." When it was necessary to get some money out of him, mother and daughter went into conference and decided on the best psychological moment.

Family life has changed, but father and son even now are not so inclined to an alliance as mother and daughter, possibly because they are not so dependent and can more easily get what they individually want. As the son begins to grow up, however, he does not perhaps seem so inexplicable to his father as he does to his mother. The father remembers his own boyhood. In such cases a mild alliance may happen, where both father and son agree that mother is not to be told.

I well remember an instance at the age of 17, when I wished to go to the theater for the first time to see a play called "Macbeth." My father and mother never went to a play in their lives, and my mother had been brought up by *her* father with a strictness that would today seem incredible. One example will suffice. My mother's sister was fond of singing, and one day there lay on the piano Ben Jonson's famous song, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Her father saw this; changed the word "drink" to "eat" and made her sing the amended version.

Well, I was 17, and when "Macbeth" came to town, I besought my father to relax his prohibition. He finally yielded, gave me 50 cents, but told me not to let my mother know. Unfortunately, when I reached home, she was waiting, more in sorrow than in anger; my mother, despite her strict views, had a lovely and amiable disposition.

The relations between father and son are naturally somewhat different from those between

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mother and son. A mother is not afraid of emotion; when her son is about to leave home for a long journey, or to go to college, or to go to war, her tears are natural. But one of the sharpest tragedies of being a father is that although the male parent feels deeply, he cannot express himself to his son, nor can the son say to the father what is really in his heart.

Sir James Barrie, who apparently knows more about human nature than any other living dramatist, made a remarkable picture of a conversation between father and son, as the latter was about to depart for the war. In a one-act play, called "The New Word," father and son are cursed with the reticence characteristic at such a time; each knows what the other is feeling, and neither can reveal his heart. The father is fully aware that he may never see his son again. He cannot bear to let the boy go to the front without an expression of his affection; but how can he express it without breaking down? In the preceding years of peace, their mutual affection has been taken for granted — no words were necessary. But now? The horrible embarrassment of the two is both humorous and tragic; it is, indeed, like so many scenes in life, like life itself, a tragi-comedy.

What can be done to make the father and son so intimate that they can talk without embarrassment on any subject — love, sin, temptation, religion, everything? As a teacher I have often received confidences that the young man could not tell his own father. Love is not the only essential. Every normal father loves his son more than he loves himself; would be glad to have his son surpass him in talents and in distinction. What seems to be required is a marvelous tact — a tact greater than that possessed by any diplomatist. The best way is to begin early, while the son is still small. If he gets the habit of coming to his father with every desire, good and bad, *and if the father receives these confidences as if they were more important than anything he happens to be doing at the time*, then a relation of absolute intimacy may be established that adolescence cannot destroy.

One of the most hopeful signs of our day of informality and frankness is that so many boys do talk intimately with their fathers. The graduating class at Yale voted on this question: "What man in the world today do you most admire?"

And the majority answered: "My father."

Flying with a Test Pilot

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (October, '30)

Edwin W. Teale

A 600-HORSEPOWER Conqueror motor was thundering at full throttle as we walked over to the starting line at Mitchel Field, Long Island. Mechanics were warming up a new Curtiss "Falcon," with chrome yellow wings and deep-chested fuselage. William Crosswell, test pilot, was to find out what the new ship would do and I was to go along as observer.

"The first test," he explained, "is over the two-and-one-quarter-mile speed course to get the ship's top speed. We fly low beside a straight stretch of high tension wires. Keep your eye on the leading edge of that lower wing. When the first pylon passes it, snap on the stop watch. When the last pylon flashes past the same place on the wing, snap it off. Ready?"

With an earth-shaking bellow, we charged down the field with the throttle wide open. We made a climbing turn to 1000 feet. Then the nose dropped and the speed noticeably increased. We were approaching the high tension line. Now we were barely 75 feet above the ground. We passed the first pylon. I snapped the stop watch. The race was on.

Speed trials are held at low altitudes in order to obtain the maximum power of the engine. The higher a plane ascends, the less power is developed by its engine because of the decreasing density of the air. Four runs, two each way, are made. Our average speed for the four runs was 164 miles an hour.

The second test was to find the climbing ability of the plane. It started with a complicated "sawtooth" climb. We took off and with the nose at a steep angle climbed steadily until the altimeter hand touched 1000. The ascent had taken us 44 seconds. All the way up, the air speed had been kept at 85 miles an hour. We swooped down and started again. This time Crosswell kept the air speed at 90. Our time was 41 seconds. Then we tried it again, this time at 95 miles an hour. The air speed indicates the steepness of the climb.

The slighter the angle of ascent, the greater the speed, just as an automobile goes up a slight grade at high speed while it slows down as soon as it begins climbing a steep hill. In climb tests, the engine is always kept running at full throttle. The re-

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sults of the three tests showed that the best climbing angle corresponded to the air speed of 91 miles.

After we found the most effective angle of the climb for the first 1000 feet, we began at 1000 and climbed to 2000 in the same way until we discovered the best angle as indicated by the air speed indicator for that altitude. In testing a new type of plane, the pilot continues this "sawtooth" climb until he obtains the data that indicates the best climbing speed all the way up to the "ceiling." Then he starts at zero and climbs, using the best speeds during each step, until he gets to a height where the plane will ascend only 100 feet a minute. This is the "service ceiling" above which it does not pay a commercial operator to fly the plane. After reaching the "service ceiling," he keeps right on until the ship refuses to climb another foot. This is the craft's "absolute ceiling."

In a long steady climb, the Falcon rose to 10,000 feet. Its absolute ceiling is about 21,000.

During our descent, Crosswell showed me how the stability tests are conducted. After adjusting the stabilizer to hold the plane in level flight, he pointed to the nose of the Falcon. We were diving. The hand of the airspeed indicator crept ahead to 110. The green patchwork of the fields rushed up toward us. Then Crosswell calmly removed his hand from the stick. After a few seconds of diving the nose began to rise. It swung slowly above the horizon, then seesawed deliberately up and down, settled even with the line where the sky and the Atlantic met, and we were flying level again. A properly designed ship is required to regain normal flying position when the controls are released under such conditions.

Next the nose was pulled up into a climb. Again, Crosswell's hand appeared on the end of the cockpit. The ship was flying itself. Again the ocean seesawed before the blunt nose of the Falcon and again the machine ended in level flight. Next Crosswell swung the stick to one side. A wing dipped low. With the stick released, the dragging wing slowly rose as if by magic and the plane sailed along once more in normal position. The other wing was similarly dipped and rose of its own accord. Crosswell grinned back. Then he kicked the ship into a turn and took his feet from the rudder pedals. Gradually the nose crept back until we were flying straight again. Then he put the Falcon into a spiral, released controls and let her straighten out.

In spin tests, ballast takes the place of an observer, always. One life is enough to endanger. The

Department of Commerce requires that every plane it licenses shall demonstrate that after a spin of six complete turns, it will come out in one and a half turns after the controls have been neutralized.

The majority of test pilots have engineering background. More technical knowledge is required for such work than for other types of flying, for the test pilot is often relied upon to aid the designer in "ironing out the engineering bugs" that sometimes appear in a new plane.

Besides the tests which we had made, the pilot must find out the stalling speed of his plane with the motor off and also with the engine on full and the ship pointed up until it is "hanging by its prop" in the sky. He must discover the lowest possible landing and take-off speed, the shortest run required for landing and taking off, and the performance of the plane with different loads. One pilot carries out the tests from beginning to end. The complete test of a ship's climbing ability often consumes as much as a week. When a radically new type is tested, the work may cover three or four months.

Sometimes there are special requirements. Last spring, a high-speed, two-place observation ship, the "Hell Diver," was built for the U. S. Navy by the Curtiss company. The contract stipulated that it must be capable of making a vertical dive of 10,000 feet. Some people thought that such a dive would wash off the wings.

Crosswell climbed to 17,000 feet above Anacostia Field, near Washington, D. C. Then he hurled the bullet-nosed "Hell Diver," with engine roaring, into a perpendicular plunge aimed directly at the tiny air field straight below.

"Anacostia field wasn't any larger than a postage stamp when I started," he told me, "but it spread all over the map as I dove."

At the end of 1500 feet, the ship was traveling between 200 and 300 miles an hour. It was moving faster than the propellor could pull it and he had to shut off the racing engine. In less than 30 seconds he had rocketed down through 10,000 feet of space. When he began to level off, terrific centrifugal force jammed him down in his seat as though he tipped the scales at six times his actual weight. A too sudden halting of the plunge would have driven the blood down from the pilot's head, "knocking him out."

The work of a test pilot is packed with swift-moving adventures. But they are the kind of adventures that have practical value, that teach aeronautical engineers to make better planes, that contribute largely to increased safety of air travel.

The Doctor in Soviet Russia

Condensed from The Nation (September 24, '30)

Ralph A. Reynolds, M.D.

A San Francisco physician who visited Russia at the invitation of the Soviet Minister of Health

TO APPRECIATE the position of the doctor under socialized medicine in Soviet Russia today, one must know something of the old régime. As in many other spheres of Russian life, there were in medicine the most diverse extremes of backwardness and enlightenment. Certain experimental laboratories and institutions stood at the very forefront of the scientific world, but there was no organized effort on the part of the government to insure medical attention to the mass of the people. In the country districts, generally speaking, medicine was administered by men who had failed to make a living in the city. In some districts the proportion of physicians to inhabitants was one to 40,000. It was not uncommon for a man with a broken leg to have to drive two days to reach any one who could set it. In all Russia in 1913 there were only 12,677 doctors or one to every 12,000 persons.

The status of the doctor under this régime was much the same as is our status in the United States at the present time. On the whole, they were prosperous and happy, being members of the privileged classes. Then came the Revolution. One of the principles of the Communist Government is complete control of medical service by the state. Disease is considered not a person's private affair to be indulged in as he sees fit. Disease is regarded as harmful not only to the person suffering from it but to the state of which he is an economic unit. The shifting of emphasis, therefore, has been definitely from curative to preventive medicine. The fundamentals of the new program are: The unification of medicine; the accessibility of medical aid to all citizens; free medical treatment for citizens; the placing of emphasis on prophylactic work.

First the work of unification was accomplished. All the medical resources of the nation were organized into a centralized system. The doctors, nurses, and pharmacists became civil servants, and all hospitals, sanitaria, and drug stores became state institutions. A standardization of hours of duty and of salaries based on professional responsibility and local economic conditions was worked out, the doctors' salaries now ranging from $60 to

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$120 monthly. The wholesale preparation of drugs was undertaken as a state business, the cost incident to private production and advertisement being thereby eliminated. The doctor was reduced to the capacity of a poorly paid employe of the state, and patients, instead of consulting their favorite doctor, were expected to go to the clinic for their particular group.

Now how did the government set about making medical aid accessible to all citizens? The first need was that of increasing the total number of well-trained medical men. This result was partially accomplished by the government supporting practically all medical students through their entire course of training. (It is interesting to note that at the present time women comprise more than half of the students of the graduating classes.) As fast as medical students graduated they were sent out into the rural districts, each to give three years' service wherever he was sent. This compulsory three-year period among the peasants is considered just payment for the training and support the student has received at the hands of the government.

How does the system really work? In what way does the patient actually come in contact with the physician? Let us consider, for instance, the Railway Workers Clinic in Moscow. It is designed to serve the clinic needs of 100,000 railway workers and their families — in all about one-half million men, women, and children. The railway companies, which are operated by the state, protect the worker and his family by a system of social insurance. This entitles the worker to many privileges, such as old-age pensions, partial support of the unemployed, extension of free medical aid to all ill or crippled workers, vacations of workers on full pay, time off from work with full pay to care for a sick member of a worker's family, and many other privileges. Such an all-embracing social responsibility is naturally expensive, and anywhere from 15 to 20 percent of the wage bill of any business enterprise must be set aside from the proceeds of the business to cover this tax. However, it takes the place of most of the public and private funds in other countries, since it aims to care for all sick and aged workers and those dependent upon them.

This railway clinic, then, is subsidized by the social insurance fund, and employs 143 full-time physicians and 40 more who attend to necessary calls in patients' homes out of clinic hours. The average number of patients treated daily in this clinic is about 3500. Each doctor must see a certain number daily — for

instance, each interne must see 35 patients daily, each pediatrician 28, each neurologist 30, each ophthalmologist 80, each dentist 18, each surgeon 45, each ear, nose, and throat specialist 40. Doctors spend about six full hours daily actually at work in the clinic. The rest of his time the doctor has free to spend as he chooses. If he wishes to do research work at home, the state gives him an additional room and the necessary supplies. As far as I could recall, the quality of medical work performed was good — about on a par with that in our university and other free clinics.

But what of the doctor? Many excellent results of his work are manifest. But, as one brilliant physician complained bitterly to me, "How can we do our best work, when we must go from our laboratory to small, poorly heated, dingy quarters? Even our laboratory animals are better housed than we. To be sure, our living conditions are better than in the early days of the revolution, yet still our rooms are overcrowded and we must share our kitchens with four or five other families. It is true that we receive enough money from the state to support ourselves and our families, but a man needs more than bare support. He needs a place that he can call his own. He needs to see his family decently clothed. He needs to be free from the eternal system."

What is the significance to the American medical profession of the status of our profession in Russia? The vision of great medical leaders reduced to poverty and submission is naturally discomforting, and our reaction to the socialization of medicine is likely to be one of rebellious opposition. Yet blind opposition will avail us little. It behooves the members of the medical profession to consider the trend of public opinion throughout Europe since the war.

Germany now has a national plan of social insurance and modified state medicine. Vienna has adopted a system that makes free medicine available to 1,600,000 of her 1,800,000 inhabitants. Czecho-Slovakia and Poland have modified plans of social insurance. England under the Labor Government is developing the public health system for the benefit of the public at the expense of private practice. Medicine and health are becoming the business of the state.

The tremendous values of these national plans can be incorporated into the American system, I believe, without doing away with personal initiative, competition, and reward. If we fail to achieve this, socialized medicine may very likely be forced upon us.

Pills of Ten Thousand Efficacies

Condensed from Asia (September, '30)

James W. Bennett
Former American Vice-Consul in China

ACCORDING to the Chinese, there are special medicinal properties in the deer. In Hangchow I visited a prosperous pharmacy which maintains a herd of them. Whenever an animal is slaughtered, nothing is wasted. Certain fevers are treated by the infusion of powdered deer hoof. For giving stamina to the weak, the antlers are excellent. Even the visceral organs are carefully preserved, to be desiccated, blended with herbs, then moulded into pellets. Just outside the door of the salesroom of this shop lay tray upon tray of glistening white deer pills receiving a final, solar baking. Pills to the number of — there must have been a million of them. In a special tray were the prize pellets of the shop, compounded of the entire deer, including even skin, hair and bones, and guaranteed, the clerk said with a wave of the hand, to cure any ailment under heaven.

I was taken to the workroom, where sat some 20 very shabby men, grinding and mixing. One of them turned at my approach.

"What's the reason for this?" I whispered guardedly. "These blind men?"

"If they can't see," he explained, "how can they steal the formula? For two or three hundred years this shop has been making these pills. Many pharmacies would like to steal our method by bribing one of our workmen to work for them. The clerks here are all cousins of the man who owns this shop. I am the owner's grandson. Only the poor men who grind and mix our pills — they do not belong to our family. They are coolies. One or two of them were so poor that they blinded themselves so that they might come here to work."

We passed into the general shop where other medicaments were sold. My guide pointed to a glass of Tibetan bear paws soaking in alcohol — prepared at a customer's order as a remedy for gout. He tried to expatiate upon the value of a jar of carefully baked infant's brains, quite marvelous as a preventive of all skin diseases, including leprosy. He showed me desiccated lizards, centipedes and snakes, which would be mixed with sugar-cane sap or honey as an aid in Bright's disease, as nearly as I could comprehend the symptoms. Less gruesome were the bins of ground,

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dried buffalo hide, the powdered cobwebs, bats' wings and rats' bones. In the naming of the various drugs the Chinese love of flowery nomenclature was given full scope. I was shown, for instance, "The Pill of Ten Thousand Efficacies" and "The Great Blessing Pill," which contained ten secret drugs and cured ten exceedingly diverse diseases.

Not alone for pain or illness do the people of China go to their druggists. If a soldier contemplates a battle on the morrow, he will take from his tiny store of *cash* enough to buy the infallible specific for courage, the powdered heart of a tiger. Or he may even purchase the greatest courage-producer of all, the heart of a bandit. The clerk showed me an advertisement which read: "The famous bandit Ah Tsong is no more. Should you not like to eat of the heart of the brigand Ah Tsong and henceforth fear no man? Come with surprising promptness, for only three of these pills are in existence."

Most Chinese remedies are concocted from animal bones and tissues. The single herbaceous drug that has captured the fancy of the Chinese is ginseng. Occidental physicians have never been able to discover any medicinal value in the herb. But it is eagerly sought after by old-fashioned Chinese as a cure for many ills. My guide, I thought, displayed a nice cynicism that day when he quoted a Chinese proverb to the effect that, if a man is not fated to die, medicine will cure him.

The Ming Emperor Kuang Tsung, we are told, when taken ill, tried a number of remedies without receiving the slightest alleviation. At last a courtier told of a "Red Pill" that had been tried upon two sick men. One had recovered with magic rapidity; the other, with equal promptness, had died. A brave man or a weary one, Emperor Kuang Tsung, since he demanded that the Red Pill — about the size of a pigeon's egg — should be prepared and administered to him! Six hours later he "ascended the Dragon," and a new Emperor was proclaimed.

Chinese doctors frequently advertise their wares in public places. One evening at a fair in Peking, I saw a man running through the crowd, hands to head, whooping with apparent pain. He drew up before a doctor's tent. The oriental Æsculapius came forth with alacrity. As the crowd looked on, he dosed the sufferer with several fat yellow pills. Even before the last of these had been swallowed, the man made so noisy a recovery that I began to smile. I questioned my "Number One Boy."

"Yes, master," he answered, "every night, the man comes."

"But is anybody fooled?"

My servant gave me a wise look. "Peking men are not fooled. Countrymen who come in for the fair, they are always fooled."

Walking once down an alley of Chungking, I found myself caught in a crowd. The next moment I found myself watching the surgical operation of acupuncture.

A coolie, bare to the waist, was evidently in the throes of a stomach ache. A shabby Chinese with a wispy gray beard and a greasy queue was the operator. He heated over a charcoal brazier the blunt tips of a half-dozen bodkins, each the approximate length and thickness of a steel knitting needle. With a pair of pincers he removed a white-hot bodkin from the charcoal and thrust the unheated end, which had been sharpened, deep into the sufferer's midriff — deftly, I must confess, since his patient did not even wince. Soon the poor coolie was punctured by six of these gruesome needles.

The operator had a chart of a human body spread before him. Arrows pointed to the places where the incisions could be made without bringing about a patient's sudden demise, thus — important point! — causing the loss of the surgeon's fee. Hundreds of years of trial and error have evolved this chart.

Chinese methods of first aid seem to be brutal but effective. In a rickety, hired motor car — 1905 model — I found myself one day charging down a crowded street in Hankow. I stormed at my Chinese driver: I implored him to go more slowly. He smiled, waved his hand and shouted an answering *"Maskee!"* — "Never mind!" I cowered, awaiting the inevitable. It came. Our car struck a strapping coolie squarely abaft the beam. Down he crashed and lay still. My heart gave a leap of fear; I was convinced that we had killed a man. The crowd that gathered sprang upon the coolie. They lifted him to his feet. They shook him. They cuffed his cheeks. They shook him again till his lolling head was snapped back and forth. In my amazement I shouted, "Do they want to kill him?"

The chauffeur shrugged. Out came the customary "Maskee!" Then: "It is good for coolie to be shaken. His soul no can leavy body. If he sleeps, soul steal away. If not, everything all right."

This prophecy proved true. The astral portion of the coolie decided to rejoin the flesh. His head stiffened on his neck. His eyes opened. He looked about him dazedly. Despite my driver's protests, I gave him five dollars. Face wreathed in smiles, he limped away. Whereupon an old man detached himself from the bystanders, laid himself down before my car and mutely begged to be run over. The stipend, I presume, was to be five dollars.

Railroad Consolidation: What of It?

Condensed from the World's Work (October, '30)

William Z. Ripley

Special examiner on consolidation of railways for the Interstate Commerce Commission

TEN years have now elapsed since the Transportation Act made elaborate provision for nation-wide railroad consolidation. It was acclaimed as a panacea for the general wartime demoralization of transportation.

But the shadow of consolidation was uninviting all along the line. The Interstate Commerce Commission, which was supposed to take the lead in the business, was skeptical about prescribing corporate allocation for all time to come. Railroad presidents were to be deprived of their independence; "white-collar" employes by the thousand were threatened in their livelihood; trainmen were uprooted in residence by the shift of division points and altered runs — all in the interests of economy. Why should any of these people be deeply interested in consolidation — unless, indeed, it were adversely?

So now there are a good many people who confidently aver that railroad consolidation is a thing of the past — an outworn issue of wartime. I wonder if such people are really aware of what is going on under their very noses.

Airways, highways, waterways, pipe lines, and electric-power lines — each portends revolutionary shifts. Airways, to be sure, are largely potentialities except for special passenger traffic. With highways, however, we are in the very thick of it — with far more to come. Private, state, and Federal funds are paralleling the carriers everywhere with cement construction. President Hoover's program this year augments highway aid from $75,000,000 to $125,000,000 — the states must put up dollar for dollar with this — making a sheer increase this year of $100,000,000 for highway construction on Federal account alone. The aggregate loss in passenger earnings is already running at the rate of $450,000,000 annually. This is the price paid for highway competition.

Waterways! President Hoover has just signed an initial annual appropriation bill of $145,000,000 in a 15-year program. The old Erie Canal is transformed from a local enterprise to a national one. The Illinois waterway is to connect the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. Our great rivers are to be canal-

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ized for barges up to 15,000 tons each over a system 25,000 miles long. Approximately 20 inland provincial cities will then enjoy the benefit of water competition with the railroads which now serve them exclusively. There will be tenfold the existing waterway network of improved channels in a few years. Bear in mind, too, that while the menace of the highways is to short-distance, high-grade traffic, such channels as these threaten the long-haul, bulk business. Even the seaports are to be linked up in an intracoastal system.

And now about those pipe and electric lines! Coal is perhaps the biggest single traffic unit for the railroads of most parts of the country. Suppose that the power now represented by coal comes to be transported either through pipes for gas, gasoline, or petroleum or in the form of "juice" over a wire! It will not be long before three billion cubic feet of natural gas from southwestern Kansas are to be available in the upper Mississippi Valley. Louisiana will before long be tied in to New York and Philadelphia, Texas to Denver, Oklahoma to Chicago. It is confidently predicted that quite soon most towns of 10,000 population throughout 36 states will be thus supplied. Laying pipe for this is what is keeping the steel industry alive these dull days.

These things are surely coming. They menace the coal tonnage of the future, but the loss of the raw petroleum traffic is already here. Heat, light, and power, which used to be hauled as coal, will soon be independent of the railroads.

Nor is that all. Don't forget hydroelectric power, "white coal," or the great projects for transformation of coal at the mine mouth into electricity. Who shall set bounds to such feats in a decade?

It is quite simple to demonstrate the soundness and inevitability of consolidation in trunk-line territory in order that the railroads may not only stand firmly on their feet, but also that they may be enabled to run. Between New York and Chicago, for instance, there have long been four competitive through routes: the New York Central, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Pennsylvania, and the Erie. All these four great trunk lines have imperfections, and three of them wish to develop more nearly an air-line route. They wish to do this not by laying new rail but by buying it. And as things are being worked out the line from Chicago to New York can be shortened more than 80 miles with a saving of 900 feet in elevation at the high point. The completion of this consolidation will be an achievement of primary importance to the nation.

In the Northwest a bitter contest, years ago, finally led to a tie-up of the Great Northern with the Northern Pacific. Then the Supreme Court of the United States tore up this arrangement, holding it to be a violation of the Sherman antitrust law. Now the Interstate Commerce Commission, acting under the consolidation statute, rules that they may coalesce, notwithstanding the fact that they are parallel and competing over a stretch of about 1500 miles. The operation of the properties jointly would save approximately $10,000,000 a year. Quite a tidy sum!

The law demands effective competition among railroads. But if the results of this competition are to yield only better service and no greater reward to the capital employed, the arrangement will break down in the long run. The efficiency will dry up through capital anemia. The sure way out is to encourage all possible economy and efficiency, no matter if it does engender monopoly; but to keep the whip hand of control over the ultimate disposition of the proceeds. And then see to it that a fifty-fifty divvy-up obtains. Greater efficiency, both lower rates or greater service, on the one hand; and more ample returns to the owners on the other.

Lest too somber a hue be cast upon the railroad picture, it may be in order to refer to the extraordinary industry, ability, and acumen which characterize present-day railroad management. It seems, indeed, as if the very exigency had put managements upon their mettle as never before. The improvement in performance during the past decade is almost unbelievable. And the carriers still have resources up their sleeves; such, for example, as automatic train control and, especially, electrification. The Pennsylvania will soon be able to operate passenger trains regularly at 90 miles an hour. Electrification demands volume and standardization; and that is exactly what consolidation may bring about.

The issue of railroad consolidation, then, far from being dead, deserves to be kept in the forefront of railroad affairs. I have never lost faith, throughout 30 years of close association with the business, in the future of American railroading, both in the common service of the people and as a prime repository for the capital savings of the nation. And one may rest assured that the carriers will turn out to be the masters of their fate through the next few years, just as they have overcome so superbly all the disabilities which came as an unwelcome heritage from the great war.

Today's Confessionals

Condensed from The North American Review (October, '30)

Mary Day Winn

Co-Author with Dr. Ira S. Wile of "Marriage in the Modern Manner"

WHEN a kettle begins to boil, there must be some outlet for the steam; otherwise the consequences are apt to be lively.

American life today is in a state of continual agitation; there is a ferment of growth, a twitter of learning new things, a turmoil of emotional outpouring.

For all this we must have escape valves, especially as many of us think we have learned from psychoanalysis the terrible consequences of keeping anything to oneself. "Tell it to somebody" has therefore become one of our national slogans.

It is significant that the modern passion for telling all was started, or at least accelerated, by a woman. This momentous person was an early patient of Dr. Freud, who came to him before he had formulated his theories of the subconscious. As a preliminary to treatment, she was asked to tell him what her troubles were. She did. She told him with gusto and exhausting detail. When her time was up, she had not finished. Nor did she finish in the next talking session, nor in the next. When she finally did come to the end of her tale, her symptoms had vanished; apparently the confessing had cured her. And it is the principles of this cure which have been developed into the modern theories of psychoanalysis.

Confessing to a psychoanalyst is usually expensive, with no financial compensation unless the patient happens to be a fiction writer or column conductor. These two classes of people have discovered that one of the quickest ways to get new plots is to go to a psychiatrist and let him dig forgotten nuggets of experience out of their subconsciousness, nuggets which later appear, moulded and refined, as prize-winning fiction.

This form of ventilating the emotions has also other drawbacks, aside from the pecuniary strain. The husband who sends his wife to lie on a sofa in a pleasantly shaded room and tell her inmost thoughts, hour after hour, to a sympathetic listener of the masculine gender, has been known to discover that by the time the "cure" was accomplished he had a different and even greater problem awaiting his solution. For it is part of the Freudian technique that the patient must temporarily fix her

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affections on the medical confessor, who — as the psychoanalytic gentlemen carefully explain — becomes for the time being a "father substitute."

When the treatment is over, the doctor faces the necessity for "transference," the delicate undertaking of shifting the lady's affections back to where they legally belong. One unmarried analyst explained to us, in an expansive moment, that his method was to keep the photograph of a very beautiful woman on his office desk. When his feminine patients reached the stage of bringing him little cakes made with their own hands, he would look at the picture and drop a casual reference to "my wife." Competition with the beautiful original was so obviously impossible that "transference" was accomplished almost at once.

For the man or woman, especially the woman, who must unburden her soul and doesn't find it convenient to do so to a psychiatrist or a priest, American life today provides other outlets. Really thrifty hearts sob out their stories on the shoulders of one or another of the confession magazines, at two to five cents per word. The growth and popularity of these periodicals, one of which has a circulation of over 2,000,000, proves that they meet a genuine need. They are escape valves not only for those who write them but, vicariously, for those who read them.

Other hundreds of thousands of men and women tell their secrets to mediums and to the priestesses of the cards, palms, crystal balls, stars and tea leaves. According to a survey made by John Mulholland, Vice-President of the Society of American Magicians, hard-boiled New York pays to these latter day prophets $25,000,000 a year. Half of this sum the people part with for the privilege of revealing their innermost thoughts and hearing those thoughts repeated back to them; the other $12,000,000 they pay for charms, and as blackmail to keep the facts thus indiscreetly confessed from being passed along to inconvenient ears.

The dictionary describes astrology as a "pseudo-science." New York police have been willing to discard the word "pseudo" in this definition. So the high priestesses of the stars flourish mightily. Evangeline Adams, chief of the cult, has been chumming with Venus and Mars for 30 years, and more than 100,000 men and women have poured their stories into her ear. People go to fortune-tellers for the ostensible purpose of learning what fate has in store for them. But in the case of women, at least, this is not the real motive, if we may trust Miss Adams's observation.

"Women come to me," she

says, "for many reasons. Some practical. Some sentimental. But as the years go by I am convinced that most of them come to pour out their souls. Women should take stock of their souls every once in a while, but it isn't so easy to find someone who will sit down with you to do it."

Indeed it isn't. To meet this emergency the department editors and columnists were born. Anyone who has the price of a two-cent stamp can drain off her secret sins into the catch-all of an agony column. The intimacy of the revelations which women are making literally by the thousands every day to editors, is unbelievable to anyone who has not sat behind the desk of one of these modern confessionals.

Today's confessionals differ from those of a former time in their almost complete lack of secrecy. The modern woman sells her indiscretions, recounted in detail with an eye on the talkie rights, to the publisher who will pay the largest royalties. As boudoir reading, the old domestic felicities have been replaced by *The Life of Isadora Duncan*, *Ex-Wife*, *The President's Daughter*, and similar accounts of excursions beyond the pasture bars.

As might have been expected, the modern woman's weakness for telling all has been studied with tender care by the efficiency experts, and utilized by up-to-date corporations who want to reduce their labor turnover by keeping their women employes contented. A short while ago the Western Electric Company of Chicago selected six of its workers (probably without their knowledge) and for two and a half years checked their work under varying conditions. It was found that their output reached its maximum when they had a supervisor who also acted as "listener," by whom they were encouraged to discuss their little troubles and pour out their confidences. This clever discovery led to an entire revision of the company's methods of training its supervisors.

The readiness of the modern woman, of high or low estate, to take the world into her confidence; to reveal thoughts, desires and emotions which her Victorian grandmother would never have admitted, is part of her general casting off of old reticences and restrictions of every kind. Once the idea of discarding clothes was well started, women discarded them with an abandon which turned the textile industry pale with horror; how far the enthusiasm for soul exposure will go, no one can say. But the new frankness should at least free men of the old complaint that they never could understand woman.

Thirty Years of Looking Up in Golf

Condensed from The Rotarian (September, '30)

William Lyon Phelps
Professor of English at Yale University

HOPE springs eternal in the human breast; but I often wonder if we should not be happier at golf if we were convinced pessimists — that is, if we never expected to make a good shot. My wise friend George Bassett of New Haven has publicly declared that he carries only three clubs, one for the tee, one for the fairway, and one for the green; and that they are respectively a Slicer, a Topper, and a Misser.

These three clubs are used more often by the vast majority of players than any other implements; and yet most of us, despite the lessons of experience, are actually disappointed whenever we make a bad shot. Why should we be *surprised?* Instead of being shocked and astonished when we dub the ball, we ought to be amazed when we make a good shot. All our companions are.

Golf, like everything else, is both good and evil. It is not at all certain that the world in general is better because of this game. I know it can be played by the aged and by children; but it is often bad both for their character and their health.

It is probable that golf has done more to increase profanity than any other thing. And when I hear a man say it is better for his health and his character to spend Sunday morning on the links rather than in church, I know he is a hypocrite. One man actually told me he got nearer to God on the links than in church; to which I replied that he certainly heard His name oftener.

Many nerve specialists will give advice on golf according to what they understand the temperament of their patients to be. Some men who are suffering from overwork are recommended to play golf. Others who are suffering from nerves are told to quit the game absolutely. A physician who thought golf did me no good sent me this clipping from a comic paper:

A. "Playing golf every day keeps me fit."

B. "Fit for what?"

C. "Fit to play more golf."

But it does no more good to advise a confirmed golf player to stop playing than it does to advise a confirmed drunkard to stop drinking.

Whatever advice they may give, the nerve specialists disagree on a subject of quite general in-

terest — is it better for the health when playing golf to get into a fearful rage and throw the clubs around, or is it better to practice self-control?

I have myself only one answer to this mooted question. I have in mind two of my friends with whom I used to play. One of them could not control his temper; he roared out his woes to the circumambient air. The game certainly injured his health. The other man was apparently ruled by common sense. I have never seen a more magnificent exhibition of calm. His opponent would miss a putt and begin to curse wildly. This gentleman would invariably remark placidly, "Now just wait until I have made my shot, and then you may go ahead and swear all you like." Then he played with quiet deliberation. But he became incurably insane.

My answer to this question is, therefore, if you shriek and curse wildly, that is bad for your health; and if you don't shriek and curse wildly, that is also bad for your health.

There is a professorial friend with whom I have a keen rivalry at golf. If I succeed in beating him, he suffers from a depression so profound that I am sorry for his family. Some years ago, he was so confident of beating me in a 36-hole match, that he offered to eat and swallow Tennyson's poem, "Crossing the Bar," if he were defeated. Why he selected this particular lyric I cannot say, except that it is a poem of death. Well, I defeated him; he left town immediately. But learning his address, I sent him a mutilated copy of Tennyson's complete works, where many passages had been cut out, but where "Crossing the Bar" remained. It was a copy from which I had cut extracts to use on examination papers. I sent a covering letter, telling him he must eat his poem, and that the other missing poems had been eaten by other persons whom I had defeated.

Like a good sportsman, he did eat his poem, sending me an affidavit signed by President Paul Moody of Middlebury College, son of the evangelist.

To men who are perfectly healthy and live contentedly without golf, I would say, "Don't take it up." There are many players who are injured in mind, body, and estate. In their calmer moments they know the game does them no good. But they return to the links, as, in Scriptural phrase, the dog returns to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire.

All high-strung players, unless they are top-flight players, should avoid *tournaments* as they avoid poison. Medal play is bad for the average man, especially if he has any ambition. The nervous strain is terrific. One bad hole at

the start spoils the whole afternoon.

"Thirty years of looking up," is the most accurate description of my personal history of golf. It is easier for me to do the noblest and most sublime acts of self-sacrifice than it is to keep my eye on the ball. I have sometimes wondered, if I hired a powerful man to stand directly behind me as I was about to make each shot, with the understanding that every time I looked up, he was to give me a tremendous kick, would that perhaps help me to keep my eye on the ball? It would, only on the condition that he followed through so efficiently on that kick that I should never be able to play again.

For this is one of the strange and inexplicable things about golf. On the first day, when still innocent, pure in heart, and clean in mouth, you go to the links and take a golf-stick in your hand and for the first time, you are solemnly told not to look up. Keep your eye on the ball. You soon find that this is the only rule applicable to all players, both experts and dubs. And yet, there is probably no player in the world who has ever played 18 holes without once looking up. And if this be true of the champions, what shall we say of the mediocrities like myself? If gold rust, what shall iron do?

Only once in my life have I defeated a famous golfer. That was when I defeated Wully MacTaggartmalonie on the Braes o' Yarrow. He was the idol of the district, and nobody thought I had a chance. I was a dark horse, although some of them thought I was an ass. Fortunately for me, Wully was drunk before, during, and after the match.

There was trouble right away. Wully had the honor on the first tee, and with a tremendous swipe his ball hit the sandbox and bounced back a hundred yards. I then teed up, but to my surprise he insisted that he must play next. I told him he had already driven, and now it was my turn. But he said that he was away, and the ball farthest from the hole must be played first. There was a near riot among the spectators.

I became one up, and on the next hole we lay close to the green. To my surprise, he took out his brassy, and gave the ball a wallop that sent it 200 yards. No one could understand this, until Wully, rubbing his eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, I thought this was a water hole." I was confidentially told that Wully never could endure water and always got as far away from it as he could. While Wully was staggering after his ball, I woke up, and it was all a dream.

What Lindbergh Thinks of the Press

Condensed from Editor & Publisher The Fourth Estate (July 26, '30)

Marlen Pew
Editor of the "Editor & Publisher"

I WOULD not convey the impression in what I report here that Col. Lindbergh sought my comment. He may even resent it. We talked one day for more than an hour, and in his precise way, often going back over the conversation to select a word which would more adequately express his meaning, he told his story at my solicitation.

Never in history has newspaper publicity beaten so fiercely upon a youth. Yet Col. Lindbergh is essentially modest, even reserved. There is not a conceited atom in him, yet I have known few men possessed of greater determination and calm assurance. Naturally, this has led to complications in his public relations. He draws the line strictly between the right of the press to report his activities as they relate to air travel and what he calls personal curiosity.

Without the slightest hesitation but with no show of anger, he mentioned five New York newspapers which he said Mrs. Lindbergh and he had decided they could not "cooperate with and maintain their self-respect." He called their practices "contemptible," and thought them to be "a social drag," "non-constructive," and "a waste of time." He minced no words in condemning newspapers which, in his view, cater to morbid curiosity and are concerned with private gossip to the exclusion of matters in the realm of "things, ideas and ideals."

I assumed he was indignant because of the conduct of certain reporters and photographers who had been most persistent in pursuing him and Mrs. Lindbergh, reporting courtship, marriage, honeymoon, and the expectancy and arrival of their son. Col. Lindbergh admitted these activities had been the bane of his life, that they had been "disgusting" and "humiliating," but contended that his feeling was not against individual reporters, though he thought they might be engaged in "some more decent business." His resentment was against editors and publishers who "force reporters to do these unjust and intolerable things." He said he had become fairly used to indignities from a section of the New York press, and was past personal feelings in relation to them, "only I wish they would give me time to do my work," but he felt he should as a citizen "protest against such journalism in behalf of other persons who are similarly plagued and cannot defend themselves."

He felt outraged when reporters followed him and Mrs. Lindbergh on their honeymoon and "for eight straight hours circled about our boat, at anchor in a New England harbor, in a noisy motorboat and occasionally called across the water that if we would pose for one picture they would

go away." He thought that particularly mean and unworthy. He considered it absurd that he should have been forced to keep a guard constantly on duty at the gate of his wife's home, and told of an incident wherein a reporter had attempted to bribe a servant with $2000 to "betray the secrets of the household."

He also mentioned with resentment the publication of Mrs. Lindbergh's expectation last Spring. On no ground, in his view, could this be justified. He spoke of other disagreeable matters and while his eyes occasionally snapped he did not raise his voice, and constantly reverted to his original premise, that his protest was not personal but that of a citizen complaining in the public interest.

The sanctity of private life is an admirable motive in him, and I had to confess that most of the red-blooded newspaper men I know would not have tolerated some of the things that have been inflicted on Col. Lindbergh. It was my opinion that he should go direct to a publisher or editor and complain of the actions of a reporter who had seriously trespassed upon his private domain, but this he will not do because he will not cause harm to an individual. He likes to be on friendly, accessible relations with newspapermen who "have a serious purpose." He enjoys an illustrated press and highly praised photographers for skill and daring.

If I may make a suggestion, it is that newspapermen should see in him less of the showman and more of the scientist. To me he seemed typical of the serious-minded student. His temperament appeared that of the mathematician, reaching definite conclusions and then standing firmly on them. Despite a boyish look, his logic was that of a fifty year experience. Fortune has smiled on him in the air and in private life, and has left him with simple manners. He is an unspoiled hero. One rarely encounters a more fearless eye or more determined mouth. It is quite conceivable that Col. Lindbergh's greatest achievement is yet to come.

The Real Robinson Crusoe

Condensed from The Golden Book Magazine (October, '30)

Walter de la Mare

Mr. de la Mare's new book, "Desert Islands," from which this excerpt is taken, is one of the Fall books published by Farrar and Rinehart

THE island of Mâs-â-tierra is one of a group of three called Juan Fernandez after the Spanish navigator — Juan Fernandez — who chanced upon them in the year 1570. Craggy and wooded (twelve and a half miles long by three and two-thirds across at its widest), it lies under the Southern Cross, 110 leagues from Valparaiso on the main. Its highest hill, El Yunque, rears itself 3005 feet above the sea.

On the last day of January, 1709, Captain Woodes Rogers, then commander of two privateers of Bristol, and himself in the *Duke*, sighted Juan Fernandez. The next evening lights were seen on shore and surmised to be those of French ships lying at anchor.

As a matter of fact, they were the watch fires of a sailor named Alexander Selcraig, or Selkirk, who on the following morning was brought off in the ship's pinnace amid a cargo of shell-fish. He was clothed in goatskins, and "looking wilder than the first owners of them." It is our first glimpse of one who was destined to become the prince and prototype of all castaways.

Like Hans Andersen and so many folk-tale heroes, he was the son — and the seventh son — of a cobbler. He was born at Largo, a sea-village in Fife. There today stands his effigy in stone, gazing on the haunts of his youth. When he was 19 he was cited for misbehavior in the kirk and ran away to sea. Six years afterwards he came home again, but quarreled with his brothers, once more decamped, and in the spring of 1703 shipped as sailing master of the galley, the *Cinque Ports*. Having arrived, in a leaky ship, at Juan Fernandez, after a bitter altercation with his commander, and at his own suggestion — of which he speedily repented — Selkirk was marooned on Mâs-â-tierra in September, 1704.

He had a sea-chest, clothes, bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a bag of bullets, flint and steel, some tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, mathematical instruments and some books of devotion. Yet in spite of these luxuries, after four years and four months' solitude, Selkirk told Rogers his story in a Scots English so broken and rusty for want of use as to be

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hardly intelligible. "We could scarce understand him . . . he seemed to speak his words by halves."

For eight long months Selkirk had lived in melancholy and horror, "scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence." Day after day he had sat in watch, his face toward the sea, until his eyes and the light failed him and he could watch no more. By night he had lain shivering with terror at the howlings of sea-monsters on the shore, and the first show of dawn lighting up his great prison-house had roused him only to a sharper consciousness of his forlorn and miserable state. He spent his time for weeks together roaming, staring, listening, weeping, talking to himself.

As time went on, however, Selkirk's spirits began to revive, as human spirits, please Heaven, are apt to revive even in the most adverse circumstances. He fed plentifully on turtle until he could no more stomach it except in jellies. He built himself two huts, thatched them with grass and lined them with goatskins; the one for a kitchen, the other wherein to sleep, to read, to sing Scots psalms and to pray. Thus he became, he confessed, a better Christian than he had ever been before, or was likely to be again.

For warmth, cheer, and candle he burned the fragrant allspice wood. He had no grain, physic, salt, ink, paper, or even rum. He fed on crawfish, goats' flesh, turnips, and a small black plum, difficult of access on the island's rocky heights. Of living things, apart from goats, he had the company only of seals, which in November came ashore to "whelp and engender," their bleating and howling so loud that the noise of them could be heard inland a mile from the shore.

So life went on. When his ammunition failed him, he came to run, barefoot, with such celerity that he had chased down and killed, he said, no less than 500 goats. After ear-marking and laming their young kids, he had set free as many more — beasts which Lord Anson was thus able to identify 30 years afterward. When his clothes fell off his back, Selkirk took to himself hairy breeches, and, unraveling the worsted of his worn-out stockings, hemmed himself shirts out of his scanty stock of linen, by means of a shred of goat sinew threaded through a nail. When his knife was worn to the back, he made substitutes out of hoop-iron, beaten thin and ground on the rocks.

Twice he narrowly escaped death, the first time by a fall of 100 feet — he lay unconscious for three days and nights, a period which he afterward computed by the appearance of the moon; and

the second time from voyaging Spaniards, who, sighting his fire at sea, landed and pursued him. He hid himself in a tree-top and listened to them talking beneath. But rats were his worst enemy; they gnawed his calloused feet and his clothes, until he had bred up cats to teach them manners. These would "lie about him in hundreds." Thus best we picture him, praying aloud, singing and dancing with his kids and cats in the flames and smoke of his allspice wood, the whole world's moon taunting and enchanting him.

His feet restored to shoes, and his tongue to its original English, Alexander Selkirk sailed away in the *Duke*. He reached England, safe but weary, in October, 1711, and after the publication of Captain Woodes Rogers' book, *A Cruising Voyage Round the World*, in the following year, seems to have enjoyed, or at any rate to have endured, a passing notoriety. He was interviewed by Prue's wayward and enchanting husband Richard Steele, and was made the subject of a paper in the *Englishman*.

Better still, but less certainly, Selkirk is said to have actually met in Bristol yet another and a more notorious journalist, Daniel Defoe. And rather more than two centuries ago — on April 25th, 1719 — appeared *The Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner . . . Written by Himself.*

Daniel Defoe, it should be remembered, lived in the days when modern journalism was first coming into being, and pulled many a stunt of which a modern tabloid would have been proud. For example, when Jack Sheppard, the most notorious highwayman of the opening 18th Century, was finally arrested and condemned, Defoe visited him at Newgate prison, wrote his life, and then persuaded Sheppard, standing under the gallows, to call for a copy and deliver it as his "Last Speech and Full Confession."

Defoe's physical appearance is described — by his contemporary enemies — as follows: "a man middle-sized and spare . . . of a brown complexion, and dark-brown-colored hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." In his well-known portrait, however, his chin is almost femininely rounded, and the mole appears to be missing.

Do Men Want Children?

Condensed from The Parents' Magazine (October, '30)

Bertrand Russell

Famous British philosopher and mathematician, author of "Marriage and Morals"

IN FORMER days a question of this sort would never have been asked; it would have been taken for granted that children are a blessing. In the Old Testament every man desires a numerous posterity. The Greeks and Romans liked to have large families; the Chinese and Japanese have preserved this feeling down to our own day. It was still fairly universal in Europe in the 17th century. To this day the word "barren," as applied to women, has a derogatory sound, though if men were really anxious not to have children it would be used as a term of praise.

It must be admitted, however, that the desire for children is not so strong as in former days. In the past it had three sources, of which one has disappeared almost completely, and the second to a considerable extent; the third is strong in some men but not in most. Let us consider these three fundamental motives.

In primitive communities the first reason for desiring children was that they afforded protection and support in old age. While they were still in infancy, filial piety was taught so effectively that when the father became decrepit his sons took care of him; and from the time they were ten they could perform useful work.

The second reason for desiring offspring was that children seemed to afford something like an escape from death. A man can take pride in the achievements of his son as he would in his own. The kind of immortality poets and artists seek in their work, other men can seek through their sons.

Both these motives have much less *raison d'être* in modern society. No man needs sons to protect him in his old age, since this duty is performed by the police; nor does he need sons to support him if he has any property. The second motive, namely escape from death, is much less reinforced by social usages than it formerly was. The decay of aristocracy and greater mobility of populations have diminished it. I have known in England villagers whose families had lived upon the same plot since Alfred the Great's time, or were believed to have done so, which for our purpose amounts to the same thing. But when a family has migrated from East Anglia to New England, thence to Ohio and from Ohio to

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the Pacific Coast, it has ceased to be surrounded by neighbors who respected its antiquity. By the time it reached California it would be respected more for the possession of oil than of offspring. A vigorous young man in the modern world is hampered on the road to social success by the possession of young children, and at no stage are children of any assistance to him in this respect.

There remains however a third motive which operates with some men though not with others: I mean a desire for the society of children who in some sense belong to them. Important affections are, I believe— though I say this regretfully — impossible without some element of possession. Marriage is tending to involve less and less mutual possession, and is simultaneously becoming more trivial. This is especially the case where divorce is easy and frequent.

To many modern men their relation with children is the only one they feel to be stable. They desire to feel protective toward somebody and they are no longer permitted to have this feeling toward their wives. These motives, combined with what remains of the escape from death suffice in a certain percentage of men to produce a parental sentiment strong enough to overcome all obstacles which modern society places in the way.

Even this third motive, however, is greatly weakened wherever divorce is frequent, since in the event of divorce the children usually go with the mother and the father loses possession. Affection without possession is so painful that, when possession has been lost, self-preservation demands a great diminution of affection.

The conclusion to which these reflections lead is a somewhat gloomy one. I think that the paternal relation is of great importance to the right development of the sense of responsibility in men, and of the kindlier sentiments generally, but economic and social causes are interfering more and more with the adequate development of paternal feeling. I do not see any way of preventing this, nor consequently of preventing men from becoming more trivial, frivolous and individualistic than they have been in the past.

The paternal sentiment was founded upon the subjection of women, and is perhaps incapable of long surviving their emancipation.

Surgery Since the War

Condensed from The American Legion Monthly (October, '30)

Dr. P. J. H. Farrell

Noted medical officer of the World War, former professor at the Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery

ONE of the very few positive benefits that humanity derives from war is the development of surgery. In dressing stations, field hospitals, base hospitals, surgeons work to the limits of endurance and handle unbelievable numbers of patients. Two important scientific advances result. The surgeon when he returns to civil practice treats his patients with far greater skill than before. And during the war many inventions and improvements in technique come because the need for them is so great.

For instance, during the Civil War, Dr. Hodgen, a military surgeon, devised a splint for gunshot wounds of the thigh bone which made it possible to dress the flesh wound without disturbing the bone fragments. Today, with the large number of automobile accidents, the Hodgen splint is used universally, and many a man or woman who might have lost a leg or limped for life is as spry as ever thanks to this Civil War invention.

Plastic surgery, developed during the World War, is another instance. Particularly has plastic surgery of the face made normal in appearance many victims of war or accident who would otherwise have been disfigured.

If you will think back to earlier years you will recall that many more of the people around you showed serious impairments — lacked arms or legs, were paralyzed, or walked on crutches. When you consider that thousands upon thousands of America's young men suffered serious wounds only 12 years ago, and that automobile accidents are injuring people steadily at a rate probably exceeding the injury rate of the United States army in France, the small number of people who show noticeable impairments of limb today is extraordinary. I think it is a fair estimate that disability following accidents has been cut in half by advances surgery has made, largely as a result of impetus gained during the World War.

My own experience goes back to Egypt in 1883, followed by the Soudan and Afridi wars, the Chilean war of 1889, the Spanish-American, Philippine and World Wars. During these 47 years I have seen surgery advance to a

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point where many a man who would have been given up as mortally wounded in the early campaigns would be restored to perfect health in the later.

Recently during the Nicaraguan intervention, a Marine officer was wounded in the elbow and failed to recover the use of his arm. X-rays showed a shaving of lead impinging a main nerve. Skilful surgery removed the lead without injuring the nerve. Twenty years ago such an injury would have meant permanent disability; but today that officer is in active service.

Formerly nothing could be done about a severed nerve, one of the most frequent causes of paralyzed limbs. Today, in many instances, the ends of the severed nerve can be sutured together, under strong magnifying lenses. This is a major reason why you seldom see anybody with a paralyzed arm.

It takes specialized equipment to perform many operations of today. For instance, take a fracture where the bone is literally splintered into small pieces. The surgeon opens the flesh and painstakingly reconstructs the bone, setting the pieces together with tiny screws and wire — much as if you undertook to restore a shattered china plate.

The greatest advance in surgery came with the development first of antiseptic surgery — where the wound was treated to prevent infection — and then with the development of aseptic surgery, where the field was sterilized, nothing but sterile instruments, bandages and gloves used, and consequently no infection could arise. Surgeons are living who can remember when a wound was scrutinized for several days after an operation to determine whether the pus was "laudable" or "malignant." Today if any pus should appear after most types of operation there would be a blow-up that would shake the entire hospital staff. Asepsis is taken as a matter of course and has saved more lives than any discovery in the medical sciences before or since. It has so tremendously reduced mortality of childbirth that it is difficult for anyone below middle age to know the ghastly danger that used to accompany the process of being born or of bearing a child.

Many advances in surgery during my own lifetime have later been supplanted by others. For instance, there was the Murphy button, invention of Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago. Until his time it was impossible to operate on the intestines, because there was no way of joining together the edges of the wound. Murphy's device, based on the principle of the ordinary snap fastener, was sewn on the inside of each loose end of the intestine and its two

parts snapped together. It held the edges of the wound in place without any strain and, sewn together, they healed normally. When the suture was absorbed in healing, the Murphy button was released and passed out of the body.

Until the coming of the Murphy button a whole vital region had been marked "no trespassing." Now more and more of the body is having the no-trespass signs removed. More operations which were impossible are becoming possible.

Chloroform and ether were standard anesthetics until recently. They had dangers but were the best available. Two men at the University of Chicago within the past few years have given surgeons another substance — ethylene, a gas which has all the advantages of chloroform and ether and seems likely to do away with danger of pneumonia which sometimes has followed use of standard anesthetics.

If you have had a tooth removed by a skilful dentist during the past ten years, you have probably experienced nerve-blocking — injection of a local anesthetic directly into the nerve leading to the tooth. Now this principle is being applied to major surgery. The anesthetic is most frequently injected into the spine, rendering completely without sensation the area in which the operation is performed. Appendicitis operations are performed this way many times daily in some hospitals. The patient is able to watch the operation if he can stand the sight of blood. Dangers of general anesthesia are thus avoided and the distressing gas pains which followed most major surgery in the abdominal cavity are eliminated, because nerve-blocking does not temporarily paralyze the intestines as does the general anesthetic.

There are other developments of perhaps equal importance. Recently surgeons have discovered a new way of cutting through the abdominal wall in appendicitis operations — a way which destroys far less of the muscle than did the older method. Patients operated on under this technique are up in a very few days and able to go about any except strenuous business, whereas a few years ago they would still be abed.

I suspect I have made my point. We must not forget our debt to the World War for so developing surgery that it is saving from premature death many people who would otherwise be lost, restoring multitudes who would be hampered or crippled for life, and making it possible for many others to get back to their jobs much sooner than would have been imagined possible a few years ago.

Meet Mr. Leviathan

Condensed from The Mentor — World Traveler (October, '30)

Harold M. Weeks

PREY to the fast steamships, explosive harpoons and machine-driven spring gear of the Scandinavians, the whale is taking refuge in the polar ice fields, where Herman Melville said he would be safe forever. But the Germans are building whaleships even more mechanized than the Scandinavians, and these ships will be equipped with airships to bomb the doomed whale in the very heart of the polar ice.

This worries the scientific gentry, for there is a lot they don't know about whales and they want a few left for study. For instance, they haven't figured out how, being a mammal and breathing through nostrils instead of gills, the whale is able to hold his breath below water for hours; nor how he is able to withstand tremendous pressure far below the surface where submarines would cave in like eggshells. And since all mammals must sleep, they are interested to learn when the whale takes his nap — whether under water or while floating on the surface.

Now there are whales and whales, but the two main divisions are the whalebone and toothed whales, the former having a sieve-like contraption hanging from the roof of the mouth. Largest of them all is the blue whale, who often tips the scales at 75 tons. The toothed whales, such as the great sperm whale, prize of Yankee whaling days, have strong, sharp teeth that can bite — and have bitten — whaleboats in two as easily as you would crunch a peanut. Most whales are good natured but occasionally an old sperm whale turns ugly. Moby Dick is the classic example.

Back in 1819, a ferocious whale attacked the whale-ship Essex and sank her. The crew took to open boats; three months later seven of them were saved more dead than alive. In 1851 another ugly whale attacked and sank the Ann Alexander.

But though only the exceptional sperm whale goes ugly, his smaller cousins, the killers, are ruffians to the last whale. Not more than 15 or 20 feet in length, and members of the porpoise family, these brigands will attack the largest whale afloat, hurl themselves at his jaws, tear at his lips with sharp teeth until he opens his mouth, rip out his tongue and eat it, and continue

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to slash at him until he is dead. Whalebone whales many times their size get stupefied with fear when they see the killers coming, and make no attempt to protect themselves, but roll over on their backs and wait for death.

The killer will attack a man as quickly as anything else, if the man is the nearest full meal in sight. But men have never bothered with the killers. It is the big fellows they have gone after. The French first put whaling on a business basis, in the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries. Whales then lived in the Bay of Biscay and whale tongue became a popular delicacy. Now either you have a taste for whalemeat or you don't. In the days of American whaling, crews lived for years on salt pork and considered whalemeat only a last resort to avoid starvation. Yet today in Japan the meat markets do a thriving business in it.

In the 13th and 14th centuries whaling became so important that the Dutch Hanseatic cities fought a war with Denmark over the whale fisheries off Jutland. Later, in the early 18th century came the beginning of the great days of whaling. By now there was more than whalebone to be counted on. Whale oil was the important commodity. Nantucket and New Bedford entered the whaling racket, with great square-riggers that wandered the seven seas. It wasn't all romance. Skippers shipped crews at the smallest possible figure, fed them at the lowest possible expense, cheated them on supplies. The crews were Yankees, Indians, Hindus, Norwegians, Laskars, Frenchmen, tattooed South Sea Islanders, Englishmen, African Negroes.

Picture their ship a month from port and nearing "The Line." The lookout is crying, "Thar she blows!" Men tumble into the boats like mad. In the bow stands the mate, knife in hand. If the line becomes fouled, he is ready to cut it instantly. Should his hand fail, boat and crew will follow the whale to Davy Jones. Suddenly the line slackens. The whale is rising. But the fun is not over. No sooner does the whale break water and blow than he is off again, in mad career across the surface. Out races the line. Boat and crew now tear over the waves in frantic tow. This is the famous "Nantucket sleigh-ride."

After hours of fighting, the whale lies exhausted on the surface. The boat has drawn up to his side. The mate plunges a long steel lance, searching for the monster's life. At that moment a single frantic lash may smash the boat, or the whale may dive and with his head toss high in air both boat and men.

When "the life" is found, the whale spouts thick blood and will

soon be towed back to the vessel, to be lashed to its side and cut up. The deck of the old-time whaler was like no other deck afloat. On it was a brick furnace with high chimneys and huge copper cauldrons into which the blubber was thrown. The oil as it was tried out was poured into huge casks and the fire under the trypots was fed with blubber cracklings from which the oil had been extracted. Dante missed something in never seeing a whaler at night as hot flames and greasy smoke poured up from a deck swarming with demons consigning their victim to the fire.

In the early years of the last century hundreds of these flaming whale-ships lit the sea. On shore a thousand cities blazed with the product of this industry. Mansion and hovel alike were lit with whale oil.

American whaling reached its height in 1846 when we had 722 whaling vessels on the high seas. In that year they brought in oil which alone was valued at $21,000,000. But when Colonel E. L. Drake struck oil near Titusville, Pa., in 1859, he knocked the bottom out of their market. Kerosene and natural gas took over the business of lighting the world.

Yet whale products still play an important part in modern life. Wax from sperm-oil is used in some of the best cold creams and cosmetics. Ambergris, produced by some odd chemistry in the interior of an indisposed sperm-whale, is worth more than its weight in gold for use in the finest of perfumes. Whale oil is used in some of our purest soap. Some sugar is bleached with charcoal made from the bones of whales. Certain whale oils are used in the metallurgical trade.

So whaling still goes on, but the romance of it is dead. In August, 1924, the bark Wanderer, last American vessel to sail from an American port in quest of the whale, was wrecked a short distance outside New Bedford, and thus came to a close the mighty whaling epic of America. A gray and ghostly old ship, the James Arnold, once of the New Bedford fleet, still spreads her square-rigged canvas in quest of whales, but the ensign of Chili flies at her masthead.

Silver and Gold

Condensed from Nation's Business (October, '30)

John Hays Hammond
World famous mining engineer

PROUD silver which dominated the marts of the world for 2500 years until upstart gold unseated her a generation ago, recently drank the dregs of humiliation when her value sank to 35 cents an ounce. Never since the Greeks at Laurium, 600 years before Christ, began to produce such supplies of it as to displace copper money had silver even approached such a price. For more than 20 centuries before Columbus the price had been equivalent to $2 an ounce. It was above a dollar in 1880. Then came the demonetization of silver. It slumped to 60 cents in 1910. But 35 cents!

To one who was born when silver still was king, whose profession has been that of mining engineering, whose lot it has been to pioneer South Africa whose outpourings of gold have had more than all else to do with the debasement of silver, the plight of that poor metal appears almost tragic. Two major effects at opposite sides of the globe are at once apparent. The first is in the Orient where silver is still the basis of monetary systems, and the second is in America where most of the silver is produced.

The currency of both the Chinese and East Indians has long been on a silver basis although India, under pressure from the British Government, has been going through the processes of change to gold. India has about one sixth of the world's population. Since there are no savings banks, each individual must find his own way to take care of accumulations of wealth. Such a people is likely to put its savings into jewelry, precious stones or precious metals and hide them away. This penchant of the Orient for hoarding has constantly drained silver from circulation but the silver has as constantly been replaced by importations from the West. In 1924, for example, when the world produced 260 million ounces of silver, absorption by India and China was 60 per cent. In 1928 and 1929, with an even larger silver production, it was 70 per cent. Authorities estimate that there are today four billion ounces of silver in India. The Chinese and other Orientals doubtless have three billion more.

This silver represents purchasing power held in the Orient. If it is worth 60 cents an ounce, that

purchasing power amounts to $4,200,000,000. If silver is worth 35 cents an ounce, the loss in purchasing power of these people is twice the value of the gold in the possession of the British Government. This depreciation has come at a time of world depression and could not but accentuate it.

Just as South Africa produces the lion's share of the world's gold, so North America yields most of its silver. The Americas in 1927 produced 180 million ounces. The direct difference in selling that silver at 60 cents and 35 cents an ounce would be 46 million dollars. Much of this silver is a by-product of other mining. Often it would not be profitable to work a gold, copper, zinc or lead mine but for incidental silver. The difference between 60 cents and 35 cents in the price of silver might be the factor that would mean the closing of a mine that produced one of these important metals.

But silver is unable to mark time in production. Since it is a by-product of copper, lead and zinc, it must keep coming forth as long as these metals are produced. And silver has sought in vain for a great new industry that would consume quantities of it, as copper has been glorified by the development of the electrical industry. To be sure, ten million ounces of silver go every year into the production of motion picture film. But England put that much back into the pool last year by changing the nature of her subsidiary coin — making an alloy with a cheaper and harder metal.

Yet to me there is another side to the picture. The plight of silver may not be hopeless. I am not among those who feel sure that gold is adequate to provide for the circulating media of all the world. But for the development of the South African Rand it would have been impossible for the vaults of even the western nations to have been adequately filled. Production of five billion dollars worth of gold from this one field has been the energizing agent to make life in this generation what it is. For the past two years I have been conducting an independent investigation through mining engineers scattered all over the world, in an attempt to estimate the future of gold production. The information I have gained warrants no expectation that other fields comparable to those of South Africa will be discovered. In my opinion the future will witness a steadily decreasing gold output that may well become a pinch in a decade or two.

If this shortage should develop, the existence of a secondary monetary metal might prove of importance. Even though gold

remains adequate, it has defects that unfit it in many vital areas as the sole basis of circulation. The Orientals, for example, require a currency of intrinsic value that they may adapt it to their methods of saving. If of too great value it will be beyond their reach. The new currency scheme in India with gold as a basis does not suit them at all.

I suggest hypothetically, then, the re-establishment of silver in the money schemes of the nations, that it may take care of such situations as exist in China and India, of subsidiary coins for other nations, and at the same time widen the foundation on which money systems are based.

Suppose the nations by agreement should set a price of 60 cents an ounce on silver. Instead of the old 16 to one this would be about 34 to one. It should be borne in mind that they long ago established an arbitrary value of $20.67 an ounce for gold, and have successfully maintained this value. At a world fiat value of 60 cents an ounce for silver, the actual value of a silver dollar would be less than 30 cents. Silver would flow into the treasuries of the nations. They would issue paper money for its purchase, just as they accumulate gold at no cost at all.

Silver would take its place in all countries as an additional circulating medium and its stabilized value would greatly promote international trade. Putting a price of 60 cents an ounce on silver would not unduly increase its output. Silver mining is a sterner task than is the case with gold, requiring heavy investment to wrest it from its rock embattlements. The Spanish say "it takes a gold mine to run a silver mine." The average price of silver through the ages has been more than 60 cents and did not call forth large production.

Of the annual production of 250 million ounces, possibly 200 million ounces would be presented to the treasuries of nations for purchase. If we may judge by the past, 70 per cent of this silver would forthwith flow to the Orient. The metal which accumulated in the nations' vaults would have an intrinsic world value and would, therefore, lend stability to the currency guarantees of nations.

A contribution to world prosperity would have been made. The hoards of the East would again come to the market place with old-time strength. A mining industry in the west would be rejuvenated. Allied mining would be stimulated. Silver would remain an agent that contributes to the well-being of mankind.

Chicago's Freight Subway

Excerpt from Scientific American (September, '30)

WHEN Chicago was a bit younger, traction magnates conceived the idea of surrounding the downtown district with an elevated beltline. The idea was probably good for the time, but it resulted in constricting and forcing upward hotels, department stores and office buildings. This has resulted in great congestion, for until recently it was considered the thing to be in this "loop" and everybody's merchandise had to be brought in and sent out through it. The city would be in a serious condition indeed if all her commerce had to be street-borne.

Fortunately, it does not. For 40 feet underground is an industrious mole which never sleeps: it carries freight, merchandise and coal, and removes ashes, rubbish, and earth from new buildings.

There are 62 miles of narrow-gage track in this freight tunnel, and 734 intersections that make access easy to every street in the loop. Freight is received at public stations or directly from the railroads or from connected buildings anywhere along the routes. There are 96 elevators to raise and lower the cars themselves between street and tunnel levels; and 150 electric locomotives haul more than 500,000 carloads of merchandise annually, without counting coal, cinders and excavated material. The latter is often dumped through a hole directly from a building excavation into the tunnel cars beneath.

One world-famed department store has all its coal delivered, its ashes removed and much of the merchandise received and shipped without turning a wheel on the streets. Movement of freight between railroad terminals is one of the most important functions of the system. The tunnels are also assisting the new World's Fair by carrying excavated material to the lake front. What would not New York give for a similar system!

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Only Saps Work

Condensed from the New York Herald Tribune (September 28, '30)

Sophie Kerr

Short story writer, novelist, former managing editor of Woman's Home Companion

ONE night last summer I had gone to the movies and came home about 11 o'clock. Sitting on the top step I found a crumpled-up old woman. She had white hair, and was fairly well dressed. She seemed to be asleep. Now no one can be absolutely hard boiled with an old white-haired woman.

I asked amiably, "What's the matter?"

After an apparent struggle to rouse herself, she answered in a weak voice, "I've nowhere to go." Then, after a moment's silence, "They took my wages."

I felt quite certain that I was being done, but I did what she intended I should — I gave her some money. With that I shut the door and went to a front window to see what happened. My forlorn old woman walked across the street to another house. She established herself on the step in the same pathetic attitude. It was just another little racket, dear friends, just another little racket.

This town is full of pathetic old ladies who follow their various rackets with enthusiasm. There used to be one on Broadway who worked the blocks between 72d and 79th Streets. She stood on the sidewalk bewildered, holding a slip of paper in trembling hand.

"Miss," she would say, holding out the paper, "would you please tell me where this place is? My daughter's address. I've been up and down on that subway, and the cars, and everybody tells me something different, and — and I've got no more carfare" — at which point tears would flow, just one or two but very touching. Three times she stopped me, once with a Brooklyn address, once Staten Island, once Astoria.

Another old lady inhabits Madison Avenue and weeps. She wears an old-fashioned bonnet, she is oh, so poor, but oh, so respectable. She too is lost and far from home without carfare. How marvelously she can totter! The way kind-hearted ladies and young men press coins into her hand shows that the tottering racket is one of the best for the effort expended.

Have you perhaps met a much younger woman who walks slowly along the street eating a raw turnip? She wears a shawl over her head. "This is all I've had to eat for two days," she says, showing the turnip, which never has

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more than two or three bites out of it.

My suggestion would be that you tell her a vegetarian diet is splendid for the health.

All the smart little shops along the side streets are regularly visited by a number of small racketeers. One burly man, loud and bullying, comes in and flourishes a great sore on his wrist, artfully modeled of vaseline and dirt. It is disgusting and he knows that if he stays and talks loudly about his five children and how long he has been out of work he will frighten any customer present out of the place. The shop girls give him a dime as quickly as possible and get him out. It is easier to pay his small tribute than find a policeman and later appear in court. And he knows that if he exacted a larger sum, the shopkeepers would rebel.

But here is a comparatively new one. It is worked on a cold, sleety night, just after dinner. The bell rings, a servant goes and returns with an unaddressed envelope. Within is a short letter, an appeal for any cash assistance you can give; the man is deaf and dumb, out of work, behind with his rent. His children are hungry. Won't you, out of your abundance, please help?

Well, don't do it! Say "No!" He may be deaf, but he will understand. He's called on me twice, and I'm looking forward to a return engagement. Just another racketeer.

Let me ask if the well-dressed suburban lady has called on you. She explains with half-laughing embarrassment that she knows it's odd, but she brought these fresh-laid eggs from her own chickens to town to give a friend, and the friend is away from home, and she doesn't want to bother carrying them back, and if you could possibly use them she'll sell them for a ridiculously low price.

Why shouldn't she! She goes to the wholesale market, buys a crate of eggs that are far from being first grade, puts them in small boxes and proceeds to peddle them about. I often wonder how she happened on this particular scheme. She's really nicely dressed and has a pleasant voice. Maybe she's trying to pay up her bridge debts, or wants a new hat, and has a stingy husband. At any rate, stick to grocery eggs. You'll find them fresher.

At the basement door there are many callers in a day all trying to sell the servants something worthless — strings of pearls at a dollar a string such as you can buy at the five-and-ten for a dime. There is the young woman who asks for the cook's name, and comes back several months later to tell her that her name was put in a "lottery drawing" and has been the lucky one to win a "be-

you-ti-ful" lot worth $400 out on Long Island and all the cook has to do is pay $47 and she can have her papers right away. This was tried on my Korean house-boy, who told the caller he would sell the lot back to her for a hundred, sight unseen. Clever, these Koreans!

There's one peddler working a brand new Oriental rug line this year. Dressed in a British naval uniform, with enough ribbons on his chest to suggest that he's the identical fellow who won the war, he is very, very gentlemanly. He has been on a ship in the Orient and had the opportunity to purchase some marvelously fine small rugs at ridiculously low prices. The ship is here in port and through the kindness of some of the authorities, he has been able to get the rugs through the Customs — and so, dear Madame, it is rahly the chawnce of a lifetime and all that.

Now is your turn. Don't hesitate, girlie. Say, "Oh, yeah, Chauncey? Now I'll tell one," and throw him out while he is still registering pained surprise. He hasn't got Oriental rugs, nor even good imitations. What he's got is a swell nerve and a lot of sweepings of the auction rooms.

There's the bootlegger racket which consists in sending a departed traveler's secretary a wire saying, "Please pay Roderick for merchandise to be delivered at office." A little later Roderick calls up, asks when he shall deliver and presently hands over some cases of bottles filled with colored water, collects a fancy sum and is seen no more. Thousands of dollars have been paid out to the workers of that nifty scheme. Of the infinite number of small rackets that are worked downtown I know only by hearsay. They change daily. But considered in their dismaying total, it is a marvel that there is any charity left in New York.

It is no use being annoyed and imagining you look like an easy mark when one of these games is tried on you. The racketeer loves his work and will try it on any one. Take it coolly, call a policeman if the proposition is too raw — and don't give a penny to any one you don't know personally unless through the medium of organized charity. The racketeer's motto is "Only Saps Work" — and you are simply making it come true when you open your purse and let him have by fraud the money you have earned.

The Condor Strikes

Condensed from The Living Age (June 1, '30)

Mario Appelius
Contributor to *Popolo d'Italia*, Milan Fascist Daily

I AM accompanying an engineer on a mining expedition through the most majestic and solitary ranges of the Andes, between Chile and Argentina. While the engineer calculates the location of ore he is seeking, I make my way to the top of a jutting cliff that seems to float in space, and I grow dizzy at the interminable chaos of mountain peaks below.

Certainly I am quite alone here between the snow and the sun! But as I look over at a neighboring promontory, I see coming toward me a man who seems to have sprung from the rock itself — a Chilean tramp, as I recognize from his feet shod in rotten leather, the curved knife stuck in his belt, his stony half-breed countenance.

He walks among the rocks cautious as a smuggler. What can he be stealing up here? He carries under his arm a bag. I see him crouch, crawl warily and finally stick his hand into a crevice, softly drawing out a living object. Now I know what he is — a condor hunter who steals young birds and eggs.

For here in the highest reaches of the Andes, amid inaccessible volcano peaks and crevices of ice, the condor builds its nest, which the male guards while the female crouches over the four sticks that surround her great bluish eggs. These huge birds live on llamas, fawns, foxes and wild kids; or, when driven by hunger, they swoop down on flocks in the valleys and carry off lambs in their ponderous talons.

Eager to learn the secrets of the Chilean's hunt for condor eggs, I follow him from a distance. The morning passes slowly. The scene about me reveals the millennial torment of the rock, scarred, chiseled and split, or in some places worn to glassy smoothness by friction of wind and water. It is in the crevices of these highest rocks that the condors hide their nests, choosing inaccessible pinnacles. But they fail to take into account the desperate skill of my mysterious hunter, who knows how to go like a sleepwalker along the edge of precipices.

Suddenly a drama reveals itself before my horror stricken eyes and involuntarily I cry out for help from the peak on which I am standing — not far from the man to be sure, yet hopelessly

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separated from him by a deep abyss. He has climbed like a goat to an almost vertical pinnacle in whose summit the snow has carved a little channel. I see the man gently gathering from it two large blue objects that are almost the shape of ostrich eggs.

As he kneels there a great shadow suddenly falls upon him. The next instant I see an enormous bird poised overhead. It is a superb creature with wide black wings almost nine feet across. Its long neck is the color of coagulated blood and it has an angular yellow beak. The man, surprised and without a gun, turns to face his winged foe, standing with sublime courage, close to death, gripping his curved Chilean knife in his left hand. The duel between man and bird on this high pedestal is extraordinary. Twice the man strikes at the creature's breast with his knife but each time the condor escapes with a rapid beating of wings, while his talons reach down but do not touch their mark, though his beak grazes his enemy's flesh.

The hunter has barely a square foot to move in. Each onrush of the bird exposes him to the danger of falling. The strident cries of the condor fill the air. Impotent on my rock, frozen yet trembling with emotion, I watch this fantastic encounter, which seems to turn the world back for millenniums, recalling ancient battles between the first human beings and beasts of land and air.

The man wards off a third attack. Neither contestant has yet been wounded. At this point the condor with a few powerful strokes of his wings rises to a height of some hundred feet, describes a perfect circle over the hunter's head, and then drops like a solid weight on his shoulders. For I do not know how many seconds, man and condor form a single frenzied mass, a monstrous mingling of wings and arms, claws and legs, beak and human head, a turmoil of feathers and rags, bits of wool and drops of blood.

And then something falls into the abyss and that something is the man. I see his poor body crash many yards below on a point of rock, then roll down a steep slope, accompanied by loose stones that rattle mockingly after.

I raise my eyes. On the tragic pinnacle the condor is shrieking his victory, flapping his great wings over the abyss as his blood-soaked head projects imperially into space.

Blood and Oil

Condensed from Theatre Guild Magazine (October, '30)

Hallie Flanagan

RUSSIA is piping oil from Batum to Baku. If she can indeed make rubber from petroleum, then oil will be the blood in the veins of the new Russia, and this hope is affecting Russian stagecraft at the present moment more than is any consideration of style. Russia has contracted to pay 1,500,000,000 rubles for farm machines, and her desire to explain the significance of this expenditure to the peasants is influencing dramaturgy to an extent incomprehensible to anyone who has not seen the superhuman bending of all the forces of a people — financial, social, scientific, and educational — to the completion of an industrial project.

Russian directors are frank in saying that any consistent style is temporarily abandoned in a desire to drive home an idea in as many ways as possible in the course of a single evening. Use realism, expressionism, constructivism, all in the course of the same production if you wish; use the cinema, use the radio; lay hold of any method or all methods — only make your point.

Yet the productions in the theaters of Moscow, like the people in the streets of that turbulent city, possess in their very lack of style the beginning of a new style. These shabby workers and peasants, soldiers and Komsonol girls, carrying in their hands black bread wrapped in newspaper, and sprays of lilac, have a certain free directness of carriage, a release from the tyranny of the proper thing, a lack of make-up, either physical or mental. They wear any kind of clothes, eat what food they can get, read omnivorously from the magazines — scientific, industrial and economic — sold everywhere on the streets. They stand in line for bread or cigarettes, elbow their way through the terrific jams on tramcars, pour into the crowded theaters, take possession of their parks — all with no manners but with a distinct manner of centering on the thing done with no self-consciousness as to the mode of doing. These people are unconcerned with style, as one is apt to be when one is hungry. The fact that practically everyone in Russian cities lives at present on one meal a day must be considered in any analysis of Russian life or art. Hunger eventually does some-

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thing to the planes of a face and to the planes of a stage.

Although the older people (and visiting tourists) complain, the youth of Russia is willing to go hungry in order that food may be exported and money brought in for the purchase of farm and factory machines. And the theaters, like the people in the streets, tighten their belts and go on — go on with that same manner which means centering on the thing done with no self-consciousness as to the mode of doing.

Here, for instance, is *Oil*, played simultaneously in Leningrad and Moscow to show the masses the value of rubber to Russia's economic future. The authors of the play intended their audience to know all about the oil situation — and they took four hours and every known stage device, to say nothing of an elaborate exhibit in the lobby, to effect this end. Posters of oil wells, charts of the history, production, and value of oil, photographs of commodities made of oil, clippings from newspapers of all nations show the fight for rubber in the markets of the world. A noise orchestra suggests the opening of an oil town, the laying of pipes from Batum to Baku, and the spouting of the geysers; a cinema screen gives a kaleidoscopic educational movie on the production of rubber; the setting — an inspired expressionistic conception of the play done in terms of oil wells, oil drills, and oil tanks — reveals a multiplicity of scenes in the laboratory of the scientist who is experimenting to produce rubber from petroleum. Just as there are remnants of realism in the stage properties, there are elements of the old personal drama in the play: in the devotion to the old scientist, in the hatred of the rubber king trying to corner the commodity in the markets of Berlin, Paris, Valparaiso, New York. And likewise in the love element which enters this play to about the extent it usually does in modern Russian dramas. That is, it is confined to a scene in which a young scientist strolls with a girl in the moonlight and lectures to her on the scientific nature of the moon, probably proving that the moon is made of petroleum. Every time she flings her arms around his neck and says, "I love you" he judiciously remarks, "All is science." The chief pivot of interest, however, is the question of whether the laboratory tests will be successful; the climax shows rubber toys, prophets of greater products to come, triumphantly evolved. At this moment, one of the actors comes down stage and breaks into ardent speech,

"This is only a play, comrades, an imagined thing — but we must make it real. We must go without

shoes on our feet and butter on our bread and lemon in our tea so that we can export these articles and get money to make these experiments. Are you willing?"

The audience, unwearied, although the time is now one A. M., is uproariously willing. And that the willingness is more than lip service is evidenced by the fact that Russia is exporting linen to Manchester and coal to the United States; that, although it is difficult to get caviar in Russia today, one sees on the sidings cars of caviar being exported to Germany; that one may buy in Dresden many Russian-made luxuries prohibitively expensive in Russia but exported to Germany at a reasonable price.

This styleless theater of Russia has discovered many subjects hitherto unexplored dramatically — among them industry. Politics and sociology are made effective dramatically; the Blue Blouses are scoring a success in a devastating satire on the London naval parley done with the nations represented as dogs barking and growling as their bone piles are threatened. Farm machines are made theatrically moving and you may watch at the production of Yenovsky's farm play *Outrage* some 3000 spectators sharing the excitement on the stage when, after a long struggle, a tractor is granted to a village.

The response of youth to these plays is worth consideration, for in them Russia says to youth:

> You are living in a difficult and dangerous age and it is quite probable that in your lifetime you will never have any of the comforts which our plan will eventually give to all. Comforts, however, matter very little except to the soft. You are working for the collective and only the collective counts.

The answer of youth to this harsh demand suggests the reason why the Russian theater, even when bad from the standpoint of style, is always exciting. Like the youth of Russia, it has blood in its veins.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, ETC., OF THE READER'S DIGEST REQUIRED BY ACT OF AUGUST 24TH, 1912.

Published monthly at Pleasantville, N. Y. Publisher, The Reader's Digest Ass'n, Pleasantville, N. Y. Editors: DeWitt Wallace, Lila Bell Acheson, Ralph E. Henderson, Clifford West Sellers, Lucy Lilian Notestein, Harold A. Lynch, Eleanor Wait, each of Pleasantville, N. Y.; Business Manager, Arthur E. Griffiths, Chappaqua, N. Y. Owners: The Reader's Digest Association, DeWitt Wallace, Lila Bell Wallace, Pleasantville, N. Y. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding one per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. Signed, Arthur A. Griffiths, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1930. (Seal) Ora Lane, *Notary Public.*

This Competitive Era

Excerpts from The Business Week

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS has consented to admit cigarette advertising to his *Saturday Evening Post.* While he has welcomed cigar and pipe tobacco advertising to his columns, cigarettes have been kept outside the pale since he acquired the *Post* in 1897, excepting for a brief interval in 1915.

The average annual family expenditure for cigarettes in the United States is about $70.

KROGER GROCERY & BAKING COMPANY adds to an already much diversified line the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Ladies' Home Journal.* Until fully tried only certain stores will sell these magazines, especially wrapped with the Kroger name on the wrapper. All stores will sell magazines if the experiment proves successful, and other magazines may be added.

PRINTED FOR EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTION through the stores of S. H. Kress & Co. and S. S. Kresge & Co., the *Modern Screen Magazine* and *Modern Love Magazine* appeared in these stores on October 1 with an initial edition of 525,000 copies. The publications are patterned closely after the four — *Movie, Home, Love, Detective* — recently launched by F. W. Woolworth & Co., which now show a combined circulation of 1,295,000.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. reports from its telephone removal records that one family in eight moves each year.

HALF THE PEOPLE in the United States are under 26 years of age.

GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., having established a market staple, sees that the next smart thing to do is to find a luxury market for it and adapt it to unusual uses. So G. E. is now endeavoring to multiply Mazda lamp buyers by offering a line of vari-colored, vari-shaped bulbs for decorative effects, painting with light, bringing summer colors into wintry-looking homes.

BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS are busily engaged in wrestling with the largest business volume of two decades.

WESTERN UNION and POSTAL TELEGRAPH have both induced big oil companies to enter into arrangements for making telegrams receivable at filling stations. Men at 6000 stations who take Postal "wires" will bring blanks to the motorist's car, collect the charges for the message and assume the responsibility for transmitting it to the nearest telegraph office. Western Union will install slot machines in 3300 filling stations. Users of this service will read their messages over the phone to the nearest W. U. office and drop coins to cover the charges into the slot.

THE DURIUM PRODUCTS CORP. of New York offers a new type phonograph record, and has, in two months,

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built a national distribution with a weekly circulation of 500,000 records. While this is happening, Victor Talking Machine Co. is relegating phonograph record production to the background, going in for radio; Edison, inventor of the phonograph, is discontinuing both phonograph and record production as unprofitable.

The company's "hit-of-the-week records" employ a previously unknown plastic, durium. It makes possible records that are practically unbreakable, that reproduce with unusual tone quality, are not damaged by repeated use and can be turned out 100 times faster than the old type. They retail for 15 cents. A new popular number is released on over 60,000 newstands each week. Records unsold may be returned for full credit within 30 days after withdrawal notice.

THE FIRST GROCETERIAS admitted their customers through turnstiles and sifted them out along a railing, past skeptical examiners and cashiers. Thousands regarded this as a challenge, and there was much petty theft. But the turnstiles, the railings and the suspicious checkers have disappeared, and stealing in the groceterias has decreased almost to the vanishing point.

During the past two years some 10,000 individual merchants have adopted the idea of "open display," and are learning, somewhat to their surprise, that the average buyer is essentially honest, and that the more he is trusted the more honest he becomes. . . . A chain of restaurants in New York permits its customers to select their food from unguarded counters and to declare to the doorman the value of what they take. Losses from replete but untruthful diners, according to the management, amount to much less than the cost of an adequate checking system.

THE AUTOMOBILE FRAME PLANT of the A. O. Smith Corp. of Milwaukee is the most highly mechanized unit in all industry. It makes about 75 percent of all frames used on American cars other than Fords. Only 200 men are required to build 10,000 automobile frames a day. By way of contrast, it takes 200 men to turn out less than one-tenth as many frames a day in an old-style plant still operated by Smith to fill the smaller orders.

PAUL WHITEMAN in a one-reel sound film "sponsored by the Roundtree Widget Company" may become as familiar to theater fans as Amos 'n Andy to radio fans. Both Paramount and Warner Brothers have organized industrial talkie divisions. For the sponsored sound movies it is planned to have merely an announcement of the sponsor at the beginning and the end of the film, as in radio programs. Popular stars in both drama and music will be used. Paramount, with approximately 1500 theaters, and Warners', with nearly 1000, are prepared to guarantee five million or more little-duplicating circulation. Several of the largest advertising agencies are organizing sound film divisions to handle the demand which is anticipated from clients much as they have handled radio advertising.

RADIO IS DAMAGING real estate values in Chicago, Frank F. Healey,

an appraiser of real estate for banks of that city, reports. The noise the radio makes renders improperly insulated buildings obsolete, hard to rent. Effect upon buildings with courts is especially severe.

A NEW MATERIAL has been developed for building insulation against high and low temperature, soundproof and fireproof. It is a mineral wool made from lead slag. Thermo-Proof is the trade name of this light, fluffy substance which will not burn or melt below 2500 degrees Fahrenheit. A blower device forces four inches of the woolly insulation into wall spaces, between attic joists.

A NEW INVENTION, which takes the bang out of railroad crossings, was recently demonstrated at Southgate, California, when a Union Pacific train crossed the Southern Pacific tracks without noise and without shock. Discs which turn automatically at the approach of a train provide a "continuous rail," eliminating the noise-producing gap.

THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO has designed new coaches with individual reclining seats and reading lamps, smoking compartments for both men and women, and a lunch counter at the end of each car. They replace the old day coach on long runs, providing comfort without extra fare.

THE SUCCESS WHICH LUMBER has met as packaged goods is confirmed by the announcement by Weyerhauser Forest Products, of its new line of "4-Square" lumber, packaged, branded, guaranteed. Builders, carpenters, home-owners, instead of being forced to accept and pay for mill-run, variously graded, often inferior quality lumber, in assorted lengths, can buy at an increase of from five to ten percent in price over the ordinary kind this uniformly graded, square-ended, seasoned lumber, packaged in quantities convenient for handling with each piece cut to an exact length. Ends are protected by heavy cardboard covers; the label specifies kind of wood, shape, length of contents. . . . Sales are reported much better than anticipated, the idea of definitely standardized lumber apparently appealing to both builder and owner. Knowledge that he can get fixed supply in exact length will enable the builder to adapt his layout to the use of the ready-cut sizes, eliminate extra sawing and fitting on the job, insure clients a definite specifiable grade of lumber of uniform quality.

ANOTHER innovation in railroad service took place recently when the Pennsylvania Railroad announced baggage car accommodations for private automobiles. The service will be tested on one train — the Sea Gull, operating between Pittsburgh and Atlantic City. If successful, it will be extended.

Automobiles are run into end-door baggage cars and must be on hand four hours before train time. Owners must hold three rail tickets and pay an excess baggage charge of $45. The idea was borrowed from the Southern Pacific, which has been operating successfully a similar service from San Francisco to Monterey and Lake Tahoe.

The Law Takes Its Toll

Condensed from The American Mercury (July, '29)

Robert Blake

The author was executed at Huntsville, Texas, on April 19, 1929. "The Law Takes Its Toll" is an attempt to set down, as literally as possible, the conversation among his fellow condemned men on a day when one of them was to die. It forms the basis of the first act of "The Last Mile," New York's gripping dramatic success.

The Place

The Death House in the Texas State Penitentiary at Huntsville.

The Time

A day and night in April, 1929. The dialogue begins 18 hours before the time set for an execution.

The Persons

Number One, *a Mexican sentenced to death.*

Number Two, *a white man sentenced to death.*

Number Five, *a white man sentenced to death.*

Number Six, *a white man sentenced to die at midnight tonight.*

Number Seven, *a white man sentenced to death.*

Number Nine, *a white man sentenced to death, but reprieved because he has gone crazy.*

The cells in the condemned row are so constructed that no condemned man can see another, but each can hear whatever any of the others say. There is a corridor in front of the cells, and at one end of it is a green door leading into the execution chamber.

Six — Well, boys, this is my last day.

Two — No. I think you'll get a stay.

Five — Yeah, you'll get a stay all right. No one has ever gone down here without at least one stay. Why should you be an exception?

Six — Well, just the same, I don't expect it, or the Governor would have given it to me when he gave Two his stay.

Nine [*In a loud wailing voice, idiotically*] — Jo———nes!

Six [*Humorously*] — I guess maybe I'd better start yelling Jones!

Seven — Too late now. You ought to done that long ago.

Voice from Outside — Give these cigars to Six.

Six — Who sent 'em?

Guard — Some of the guards.

Six — Hell! That's more than I'll ever smoke!

One — Send 'em on down to me!

Guard [*Whispering*] — Here is the paper. Read this and don't say anything to Six.

Two — All right.

He reads: CLEMENCY REFUSED: SLAYER TO DIE FRIDAY. The Governor will decline to extend clemency for Jack Henderson, under sentence of electrocution for the murder of a 12-year old girl. . . .

The door leading into the death chamber slams. The motor began to hum.

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ONE — Hey! Hey! They're testing the Midnight Special for Six.

SIX — My stomach got a funny sensation then. Kinda burnin' like.

FIVE — The worst is yet to come. Wait until he really gets up tight.

NINE — Jo——nes!

SIX — Play that phonograph.

The guard is changed. Lunch is served. Less than 12 hours remain to Six.

SEVEN — What did you tell them you wanted for dinner, Six?

SIX — Pork chops, fried potatoes, jelly, bread and butter and some milk. I guess I'll get hungry before I get to Hell. Anyone want these shoes? Anyone want these socks? Who am I going to give this money to? Well, say something, you damn guys!

ONE — Send dat money on down here!

SIX — I'll send it before they shake me down. I remember when you sent me everything you had, money and all, when you were gettin' ready to go, and the Governor gave you a stay and I had to give you everything back. I sure did cuss.

ONE — Oh, I send you ever'thing back tomorrow.

Two o'clock. Three o'clock. An ominous silence reigns over death row. The keys rattle in the door. A stay? No, the chaplain.

CHAPLAIN — Good evening, boys. How are you today?

The chaplain stands in front of Six's cell and reads a chapter from the Bible; then prays. The guard laughs and jokes with One.

SIX — I have sent for the priest.

The chaplain and guard leave.

SIX — Did you hear that goddam guard laugh while the chaplain was praying?

FIVE — He's dizzy. Don't pay any attention to that.

NINE — Jo——nes! Jo-o-ones!

4 P. M. The priest arrives.

PRIEST — How are you, boys?

The priest is admitted to Six's cell and administers the rites of the Catholic Church. The guard is relieved and dinner is served.

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE — Boss! We want to get the measurements for the shroud for Six.

GUARD — Oh! He weighs about 140 pounds and is about six feet tall.

PRIEST — Well, boy, how are you feeling?

TWO — Very well, thank you.

PRIEST — I have saved his soul. It is not possible to save his life because the Governor has refused to extend any clemency. I will come back and stay with him during his last hour.

6 P. M. The guards arrive with the barber and the shroud. They are shaving Six. He is out of his cell in the corridor.

TWO — Stay with 'em, old boy.

SIX — I will. I'll be waiting for you in Hell the 15th.

TWO — Forget that!

Six is now getting his head shaved.

SIX — Two, play that phonograph of yours.

TWO — What do you want to hear?

SIX — Any damn thing, as long as it is music. Say, I'm getting up tight. If something doesn't happen damn quick, I'm going to give up hope.

The clock strikes seven. Six is placed in an empty cell, with just two

blankets to sit on. The death watch has begun.

SIX — I'm sick at my stomach.

TWO — I'll send you one of these oranges.

SIX — It isn't that, boys, I just hate to go. I've stood up pretty good so far, but I can't make it much longer.

SEVEN — Stay right there, Six!

NINE — Jo——nes!

SIX — Well, just stick with me, boys. I'll build an air castle or something to get my mind off the chair. Let's start that old revolution going, One.

ONE — Leave me alone, you fellows. I'm prayin' for Six.

SIX — Keep up the good work, One! Wish I had a drink of good liquor.

A guard and a convict come in with a pot of coffee. The convict serves all of the inmates.

SIX — Two, you were lucky to get that 35-day stay, old boy.

TWO — If it was possible I'd give you half of mine, and we'd both have seventeen and a half days.

SIX — Don't try to kid me. You wouldn't do that.

TWO — Of course, I have no way to prove it to you, but just the same I would do it.

CONVICT — He'd do it, I believe!

GUARD — Yep, I believe he would.

The priest comes in and takes a table, candle and a crucifix into the cell with Six.

SEVEN — Well, Six, it looks like you are going. I hate to see you go, but there must be something for you to look forward to. It must be better than this life or it wouldn't be worth much. I don't think that any of us are going to lose much when we go to that chair, for there's bound to be a Heaven and everyone has an opportunity to get right with God.

SIX — Well, I hope there is some place else. I may not have to go tonight, yet.

Three newspaper reporters enter with a guard and Six recounts his crime to them. The reporters leave and Six asks for more coffee.

TWO — Wonder what time it is, One.

ONE — Must be 10:30.

SIX — Say, boys, wouldn't I be tickled to get a 30-day stay! I have more hopes now than I did two hours ago. I was pretty low then.

TWO — Yeah, you'll get a stay.

SIX — I still have hopes.

The clock strikes 11.

SIX — Say, that clock striking makes me feel funny around my middle. [*Singing*] A little white light will lead you to my blue Heaven. A smiling face, a fireplace, a cozy room . . . [*Stops abruptly.*]

SEVEN — Stay right in there and pitch, Six! That Governor is liable to give you a stay, yet. Maybe he's just letting you get up tight to scare you.

SIX — If I don't get a stay, I'm going to try to set an example for white men here.

SEVEN — If you do have to go, it is better to take it like a man. Don't weaken.

SIX — I hate to go.

FIVE — Well, if you get one stay, you've got a chance. You won't burn if the Legislature passes that bill abolishing capital punishment. That would have some provision in it commuting all sentences to life imprisonment. Just one stay,

and you got a chance to miss burning.

The clock strikes 12. There is a hush, an expectant air. They are all waiting to hear footsteps approaching.

SIX — Let me out with the boys, Boss. I want to tell them all good-bye.

GUARD — I can't do it. I would if I could, but it's against the rules. I'm sorry.

SIX — Oh, I don't care. 'Sall right. They split my pants leg, and I don't like that. This is a new style boys. How do you like it? I'm not taking it as hard as I thought I would. I'm nervous, though; I've never had anything to do with electricity before. Wonder how it will feel. Wonder if a fellow knows anything after the first shot hits him.

FIVE — Aw, a fellow never knows what hits him. It's all over in a few shakes. Brace up!

SIX — You know, it's funny. I was worse at my trial than I am here. I almost broke down there at the trial. Give me some more coffee, Boss. Ha! Well, here's to the old penitentiary, boys!

Six guards and the assistant warden come in and unlock the cell door.

GUARD — All right, boy, let's go!

Two guards strap his arms to his side. Six steadily walks out of his cell with the priest holding his arm.

SIX — I want to say good-bye to the boys.

ASSISTANT WARDEN — Certainly. Come up here to the front and start back.

Six walks in front of One's cell.

SIX — Good-bye, Mex. I won't shake hands. That's bad luck.

ONE — Good-bye, Six.

SIX — Good-bye, Two.

TWO — Good-bye, Six. Say — stay with them, Six!

SIX — I got 'em. I'll make it now.

FIVE — Good-bye, Six.

SIX — Good-bye, Five. Good-bye, Seven.

NINE — Jo—nes! O———h!

SEVEN — Good-bye, old Doctor Six. Stay right in there.

SIX — I think I'm doing about as well as you would.

SEVEN — I *know* you are!

The guard takes him through the door to the death chamber. These lines are written while Six is being strapped into the chair. The door between the death chamber and the death row is open.

SIX — I hope I am the last one that ever sits in this chair. Tell my mother that my last words were of her.

The lights go dim as we hear the whine of the motor.

TWO — Oh, my God!

SEVEN — Old Doctor Six is gone!

The lights go dim twice more. Someone is running along the walk outside.

TWO — Who's that?

ONE — Oh, that's reporters. They hurry to 'phone the paper.

TWO — I won't be able to sleep for a week!

FIVE — I'm going to sleep now. You'll be able to sleep tonight. Forget about it.

SEVEN — Good-night, boys.

ONE — I can't sleep either, Two.

NINE — Jo———nes! Jo-o-o-o-ones!

WILLIAM PICKETT HELM (p. 577) has the distinction of having been the first economist to measure accurately the cost of American government. He is the founder and president of the Helm News Service. In 1928 he was the publicity director of the Southern division of the Republican National Committee. His books are "The Truth About Taxes," "History of the Anti-Saloon League" (with Wayne B. Wheeler), "The Federal Budget" (with Gen. Herbert M. Lord).

EDWARD JEROME VOGELER (p. 589) was born, raised and educated in Baltimore; worked five years on newspapers; then took to writing feature articles for newspaper syndicates. His great-grandfather came to the United States on the same ship with John Jacob Astor in 1784. His grandfather's diaries contain many facts about Astor's fur trading activities, some of which are incorporated in the present article.

WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO (p. 592), now professor of history and government at the California Institute of Technology, has written many books. Among them are "The Government of American Cities," "Bibliography of Municipal Government," "Principles and Methods of Municipal Administration," "Municipal Government and Administration" (2 vols.), "Makers of the Unwritten Constitution."

HAROLD NICOLSON (p. 595) entered the British foreign office in 1909 and was appointed successively to the British Embassies at Madrid and at Constantinople and, in 1919, attended the Peace Conference as a delegate from Great Britain. More recently he has served as Counsellor of His Majesty's Legation at Teheran, Persia, and at Berlin. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS (p. 598) is the author of a recent novel, "John Merrill's Pleasant Life," and also an earlier novel, "The Insider."

HENRY JAMES FORMAN (p. 601), author and editor, had charge of propaganda work (in the German, French and Italian languages) in Berne, Switzerland during the war. Previously he had served as special correspondent attached to President Roosevelt during the Russo-Japanese Peace Conference, as literary editor of Appleton's Magazine, political editor of The Literary Digest, associate editor and general manager of The North American Review and managing editor of Collier's Weekly.

GROVER CLARK (p. 604) has been professor at the higher commercial school, Yamaguchi, Japan; business manager of the Trans Pacific Magazine, Tokyo; seven years a member of the faculty of the National University, Peking, China; and Peking correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor.

LEWIS MUMFORD (p. 618), American critic and author. Since 1919 he has written on housing and community planning for the Journal of the American Institute of Architects, Architecture, and The Architectural Record. He has been lecturer at the New School for Social Research, New York, and at the School of International Studies, Geneva, Switzerland, and is the author of "The Story of Utopias," "Sticks and Stones," "The Golden Day," "Herman Melville," "American Taste."

JAMES WILLIAM BENNETT (p. 629), author and diplomat, has been in the consular service in China and Australia. He was also lecturer in short story writing at St. John's University, Shanghai. Among his books are "The Manchu Cloud," "The Yellow Corsair," "Son of the Typhoon."

WILLIAM ZEBINA RIPLEY (p. 632) has been professor of political economy at Harvard University since 1901. He is the author of "Trusts, Pools and Corporations," "Railway Problems," "Railroads: Rates and Regulations," "Railroads — Finance and Organization," "Main Street and Wall Street." He was the editor of "Selections and Documents in Economics" (ten volumes), and has been a director of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway since 1917.

MARLEN EDWIN PEW (p. 641), after editorial positions in Cleveland, New York, Boston and Philadelphia (in addition to which he was one of the organizers of the United Press Association, and the organizer of the Press Illustrating Service) became editor of "The Editor and Publisher." During the war he organized the War Department News Bureau, originating the American system of publishing war casualty lists, and also originated the system adopted by the army and navy of authorized statements for press publication.

WALTER DE LA MARE (p. 643) has been recognized as "one of the true poets and original personalities of our day." As a result of a volume of verse, one novel, and odd prose written while he was clerk in an oil company, he receives a pension from the British Government which allows him to devote himself to literature. Among his many books are, "Songs of Childhood," "The Veil and Other Poems," "Ding Dong Bell," "Stuff and Nonsense."

PATRICK JOSEPH HOSHIE FARRELL (p. 648), surgeon, was born in India 67 years ago. He fought as a British cavalry officer in two wars, and was a brigadier-general in the Chilean Revolution of 1889–1890. He took his medical degree at the University of Kentucky in 1892, became a citizen, went through the Spanish-American War and the Philippine insurrection as a medical officer, being twice wounded. He commanded the first detachment of United States troops that landed in the Philippines and was decorated for gallantry. During 1918–19 he was commanding officer and chief ophthalmologist of the hospitals in the advance sector of the Verdun front, France. In 1909 he organized the Boy Scouts of America.

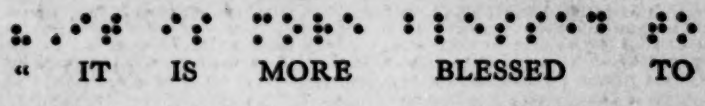
JOHN HAYS HAMMOND (p. 654), mining engineer, has examined properties in all parts of the world, has been associated with some of the most important financial groups in this country, purchasing and promoting several of the largest and most valuable mining properties in the United States and Mexico.

SOPHIE KERR (p. 658) began work as editor of the woman's page of the Chronicle-Telegraph, Pittsburgh, and has been managing editor of the Woman's Home Companion. She is the author of "Love at Large," "Painted Meadows," "One Thing is Certain," "Confetti," "Mareea-Maria" and others.

HALLIE FLANAGAN (p. 663) is director of the experimental theatre at Vassar College and the author of "Shifting Scenes of the Modern European Theatre." She was the holder of a Guggenheim fellowship in Europe and a former member of Professor Baker's famous drama course at Harvard — "the 47 Workshop."

ROBERT BLAKE (p. 669) was executed at Huntsville, Texas, on April 19, 1929. He had been convicted of robbery and murder. He contended to the last that the murder had been committed by another man, and that he himself was under the influence of drugs at the time.

A Thought in Braille



This cut, showing a phrase in inkprint and, above each letter, the corresponding Braille character, will answer the queries of many readers who have asked what Braille looks like. The Braille characters are embossed for the blind on thick paper, and are read by touch.

(*Continued from Inside Front Cover*)

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